The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXIV | NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1923 | NUMBER 440

Contents

The Week 279

Editorials
- The League and the Poppy..... 282
- Back to the Father of Lies..... 283
- Teeth in the Trust Law..... 284
- The Logic of Wage Increases..... 284
- Let's Be Illiterate..... 286

General Articles
- Shadows of 1924.....John W. Owens 287
- Chester & Turkey, Inc.....Edward J. Bing 290
- Mexico's Quarrel With Rome..... .....Edward Alsworth Ross 293
- Rich and Poor, Girls and Boys..... .....Walter Lippmann 295
- In Envy of Cows (Verse)...Joseph Auslander 296

Correspondence 296

Nine in a Taxi.....Robert Littell 299

Books and Things.....P. L. 301

Reviews of Books
- Autosuggesting the Customer....Charles Merz 302
- Famine: Its Cause and Cure.....C. F. Ansley 304
- The Reign of the Evil One.....K. F. 304
- High Life and Low Life.....G. W. 305

The Week

MEXICO under President Obregon gives the lie to those imperialistic Americans who have been asserting ever since the fall of Diaz that orderly government could not be established without American intervention. Mexico is orderly today. Life is just as safe as in the United States, if not safer. Property interests, both foreign and domestic, are better protected than in most modern countries. Currency is on a sound basis and business is steadily improving. The army has been reduced and the schools have been multiplied. The industrial and agrarian legislation of the Obregon régime has been sane and enlightened. Taxation is relatively light, but the government is conducted economically and has been able this year to save thirty million pesos for payment on the national debt. The Mexican government deserves the unstinted admiration of all lovers of peace and order for its remarkable achievements. It has done its work without any help from other nations. The United States can claim credit for only one thing: it has refrained from destroying Mexico without cause. Our failure to recognize Mexico has been a severe handicap to President Obregon, but fortunately he has been strong enough to get on without our recognition.

IN view of the actual conditions in Mexico recogtion cannot be much longer delayed. The appointment by the two governments of a joint commission, to sit in Mexico City and reconcile, if possible, such differences as still exist, is a good omen. The best omen is that official Mexico City appears to be entirely satisfied with the American appointments to the commission, and official Washington appears to be equally well satisfied with the Mexican appointments. The commissioners are men of moderation, good sense and public spirit, and there is good ground for hoping that they will find a formula that will satisfy the legalistic passions of Mr. Hughes without affronting the national pride of the Mexicans.

NO progress whatever is making toward the dissolution of the deadlock in the Ruhr. As in any other war, the problem is one of breaking a national will, and we see no sign that either the French or the German will is cracking. The French are more determined than ever to insist on a definite control of German finance, along with territorial guarantees. The Germans are determined to hold out all summer rather than yield on points which definitely impair the sovereignty of the German state. No change in the personnel of either government would change this situation, immediately. No French government could survive if it appeared to be weakening. No German government would last a day if it even considered meeting the French demands. England and Italy, supported informally by the American government, might narrow the field of dispute and bring the two contestants within negotiating distance. But England will do nothing so long as Curzon is in the Foreign Office.

FRANCE has tried out the policy of being friendly to the Turks, and has discovered that there is no word expressing gratitude in the Turkish language. Under the shelter of French friendliness the Turks beat back the Greeks, expelled the

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Armenians and the Anatolian Greeks and made themselves masters in their own country. The French naturally expected a return for such a signal service. But instead they find the Turks haggling over the proportion of the Ottoman debt, largely held in France, that they will even promise to pay, and attempting to present the cream of Turkish concessions to a rank American outsider. Accordingly the French are now trying the force of hard words. They threaten to increase their forces in Asia Minor if the Turks continue to concentrate troops on the Syrian border. We doubt that the language of menace will be any more effective than the language of flattery has been. France is not in a position to carry on, single handed, a serious Turkish war, and the British have small reason for joining the French in such an enterprise. The Entente still holds, but it does not hold fast. And unfortunately the Turks know it.

ON another page we publish a number of letters protesting against our attitude on the execution of Vicar General Butchkavitch. Many of our other friends have protested in person. What right, they ask us, have Americans to assume a "holier than thou" attitude, after our record for lynchings, the Florida convict camp revelations, the deaths by disease in our prisons of men convicted on evidence far more slender than the Russians had in the Butchkavitch case? If the New Republic had been guilty of condoning American sins, if we had condoned Amritzar and the shooting of Irish patriots, decency would have required us to hold our peace about Russian transgression. But we have not condoned the crimes of our own side, nor do we condemn out of nationalistic prejudice. We have defended the Soviets, to the best of our ability, against the outrageous flood of calumny and lies of the interventionist propaganda. If we could have found, in Rosta or any other source of information, any evidence showing that Mgr. Butchkavitch was guilty of a crime of signal turpitude, or that his life was a real menace to the Soviet state, we should have taken it into account in forming our judgment. But the case against him seems no more convincing than a case Daugherty might work up against a chance Red. His execution therefore looks to us like a gratuitous piece of cruelty, for which we cannot forbear once more to express our horror and loathing. And the offence is aggravated by the fact that the Soviet leaders knew that the Western peoples—not the governments, merely—would be shocked and estranged. They used the body of Mgr. Butchkavitch to express their independence of the good will of the Western world.

SOME of our friends are especially displeased because we approved of the cancellation of Madame Kalinin's visa by Secretary Hughes. Madame Kalinin had planned to come to America in the noblest of causes—to bespeak the charity of the American people for the hundreds of thousands of Russian children who must die unless they receive help. When her visit was first planned there was every reason for thinking that it would effect its purpose. Madame Kalinin is a woman of great personal distinction, and as wife of the president of the Soviets she would have come as near representing Russia officially as our Russophobic government could endure. She was exactly the right person, until the government of which her husband is part decided to execute Mgr. Butchkavitch. Then she became exactly the wrong person. In America charity and religion are closely intertwined, and religion has been aroused against the Soviet government. It would have been better if Madame Kalinin had found reasons of her own for cancelling her American tour. Since she did not do so, it is hard to see what Secretary Hughes could have done but serve notice that she would not be welcomed here. And those who criticize Mr. Hughes for his action will have to admit, when they think it over, that she would not have been welcomed, except by those whose interest in the Russian children is already so strong that they do not need her.

THE Soviet government has wantonly offended the religious sentiments of the Western world by this one act. But that does not signify that the Bolsheviki have begun a war on religion, as some of the more wordy and light headed newspaper correspondents assert. They may have begun a war on the Church—a very different matter. Any democratic government in Russia would have such a war on its hands, sooner or later. Fortunately for us, our Revolutionary forbears were wise enough and strong enough to effect the complete separation of Church and state, and to establish the supremacy of the state. In Russia the separation was never effected. The Church acknowledged, after a struggle, the supremacy of the Tsar, but not of the state. It would be a miracle if any considerable part of the Church officials had been brought to the point of acknowledging the supremacy of the Soviet state. The disappearance of the Tsar has left a gap in their scheme of life that could be filled only by bringing the Tsardom back to life. They are dyed-in-the-wool counter-revolutionaries. The Soviet government has every reason to shear off their privileges, restrict their property, dislodge them from the educational system, confine them rigorously to the spiritual sphere, until they have learned that this is the twentieth century. But no killing. Mediaeval ideas of the relation of Church and state are not to be blown out with pistol bullets.

IT is a striking comment on American life that the business managers of newspapers had been organized into a strong and efficient national association

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for many years before it occurred to the editors of the country's important dailies to go and do likewise. The National Editorial Association, the only one heretofore in this field, is composed almost exclusively of editors of papers (usually weeklies) in small towns. The editors in big cities have now filled the gap by forming the American Society of Newspaper Editors. The new society's first act is to adopt a statement of journalistic ethics, which is on the whole admirable. It calls for independence, responsibility and freedom, sincerity, truthfulness, accuracy, impartiality, fair play and decency. In short, it asks for the sort of editing which might be taken for granted if all editors were honorable gentlemen whose chief concern is the public welfare.

IT is easy to smile at this sort of formal promulgation of ethical standards, whether applied to journalism or any other occupation, as somewhat naïve; but such a judgment is as superficial as it is easy. Newspaper men are to some degree the victims of the public's bad taste, which causes vulgar and sensational sheets to thrive and intelligent and honest ones to wither. They are also under a pressure, sometimes irresistible, from owners whose chief interest is in earning dividends on their investment; so that, as every experienced journalist will tell you, the wonder is not that the papers are as bad as they are, but that, all things considered, they manage to be so good. However, a third undoubted weakness is the failure of journalism to attract to its ranks men of intellectual and moral standards comparable to those of the recruits to law, medicine and engineering. Too large a proportion of the average news staff drifts into the work by default from other occupations, or because of its allegedly exciting character. Emphasis within journalism's own ranks on the ethical obligation to the community cannot cure the gravest problems of the press; but at worst it can do no harm, and at best it may achieve results not unlike those attained by similar efforts in the medical and legal professions during the past century.

THE ambitious attempt of the American National Theatre organization, backed by the Producing Managers' Association, to uplift the art of the theatre in America, came to an inglorious end after only six days' test in New York. The brutal truth seems to be that not enough people cared to see Miss Marjorie Rambeau in Mr. Shakespeare's As You Like It to justify continuance of the expensive production. The failure cannot be blamed on Shakespeare, in a season where Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet have broken all records and The Merchant of Venice has enjoyed an excellent run; nor can one any longer assert that the New York theatregoer is inveterately low of brow, with the solid success of the Theatre Guild as evidence to the contrary. As was the case with the National Theatre some years ago, it is probable that in this instance excellent intentions have been frustrated by bad artistic judgment among the sponsors. The producing managers evidently need to learn—what one would have supposed they knew better than any one else—that the way to uplift the drama, or any other art, is for people of high ability to produce the best work of which they are capable within reasonable limits of the range of public taste and approval.

MR. HARRY M. DAUGERTY, Attorney General of the United States, is taking up in person the question of the rum-running fleet off the New Jersey coast. An injunction is expected at any minute.

MR. R. M. WHITNEY, director of the Washington Bureau of the American Defense Society, doubtless meant to remain within the bounds of truth when he urged the American Legion to oppose amnesty for political prisoners. When he cooled down, after his desperate labor of speech making, he must have recalled some of his remarks with deep shame. He said that the court records show that some of the I. W. W.'s now in prison deliberately misdirected or poisoned supplies intended for the army in France. Mr. Whitney has not read the record of the I. W. W. trial; neither have we. It makes over forty thousand typewritten pages, and life is short. But Mr. Whitney knows, and the American Legion knows, that if the record contained proof that the defendants in that trial had poisoned supplies for the army in France, those men would not now be in jail. They would have been shot. We think that Mr. Whitney owes an apology to the American Legion for the insult he offered to their intelligence.

IT was a happy thought, if not a novel one—that of the luncheon guests of the American Mining Congress at the Bankers' Club the other day—to make use of publicity in combatting the organized radical element of the country. Forthwith Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott of the Outlook urged that the current remarks of Mr. L. F. Loree of the D. & H. be given prompt publicity. "The papers won't print it," said Mr. Loree, as reported in the New York World. "Then buy advertising space," Mr. Abbott suggested. "Nobody would read it," returned Mr. Loree. Whereupon Mr. Coolidge of Boston, of the firm of Coolidge and Hight, representing many mining companies, made a real contribution. Since the mining companies are not themselves advertisers, their avenue of publicity lies through their advertising consumers, such as the great department stores. "If they got the idea that this publicity meant something to

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them," said Mr. Coolidge, "they could go to the editors and say, 'Look here! We want this on the front page.' Then we could have publicity!" Surely so bold and frank a scheme as this deserves acknowledgement, whether it evolved from prolonged councils of despair or sprang full-fledged from Mr. Coolidge, and we are pleased to observe that it has already received a portion of its due meed from the New York press.

The League and the Poppy

WHO won the great debate between Lord Robert Cecil and Representative Stephen G. Porter of Pennsylvania, as to the League of Nations' attitude on the suppression of the opium traffic? Mr. Porter deplored it as being the worst possible; Lord Robert defended it as being quite admirable; and the puzzled public, as usual, is probably unable to determine with whom it should agree.

As is also usual, part of the truth lies on both sides. It is true, as Mr. Porter charges, that the Assembly of the League altered the resolution of the Opium Commission by saying that the production of the drug should be limited to "legitimate" instead of "strictly medicinal and scientific" purposes. This change was deplorable; yet even so, the fact that the League Assembly voted for limitation of the poppy acreage at all is of substantial importance, and is the decisive answer to Mr. Porter's allegation that instead of suppressing the traffic in habit-forming drugs, it has done "quite the contrary." Moreover, a joint committee from the League commissions on Opium and on Public Health has already recommended that the wording Mr. Porter prefers should be adopted. A resolution to that effect will come before the Opium Commission at a special meeting toward the end of this month, and favorable action is regarded as practically inevitable. The Assembly will then make its real declaration for or against righteousness when it takes the matter up at its meeting next fall.

Mr. Porter's assumption that the other activities of the League as to opium are unimportant, is also at variance with the facts; and Lord Robert is right in claiming a considerable degree of usefulness for them. The traffic in habit-forming drugs is complicated, subterranean and enormously difficult to deal with internationally. The League's efforts to control it through import and export licenses, reports on production and consumption, and international cooperation to put an end to smuggling, are useful though unspectacular preliminaries to the real struggle which will come with the attempt to cut down the poppy acreage to the amount needed for genuine medical use—a reduction of at least seventy-five percent, and probably more.

The relation of Great Britain to the production of opium in India is an important factor in the general situation which needs a word of explanation. Contrary to the general belief, India does not supply opium or its derivatives to the Western world in important amounts. Indian opium is of low grade and is used chiefly in the Orient and for the most part, without doubt, for non-medicinal purposes. The Western world, including America, gets its opium from Turkey and Persia, which produce a superior quality containing twelve to fourteen percent morphine. China produces some opium to supplement her imports from India, and under the military governors this has apparently been increasing, though the Chinese deny it and have asked a commission on which the League of Nations is represented to make an investigation on the spot.

The British government is not itself technically concerned in the production of opium, but the government of India is very much so. It has a monopoly on production in Bengal and the United Provinces, and collects duties on opium imported from the native states. The poppy may only be grown under government license, the grower may borrow money without interest to finance his operation, and he must sell his whole crop at a fixed price to the government which owns and operates the "factories."

If the League of Nations Assembly next fall adopts the recommendation which the Opium Commission is virtually sure to make, and declares for restricting opium production to the amount needed for medical and scientific purposes, it will be the most important single step ever taken in the fight against the drug evil. If the recommendation is accepted by the Indian government it means the wiping out of nearly the whole industry. As matters stand at present, however, this would merely mean a boom in business for Turkey, which has never signed the 1912 convention, and for Persia which has signed only with reservations. Unless the present Lausanne Conference manages to put the screws on Turkey, she will continue to do as she pleases.

On the whole, Lord Robert is undoubtedly correct when he says that his government wants to see the trade in habit-forming drugs abolished. There is no blacker chapter in imperial history than the shameful record of the opium trade in the nineteenth century; but even an Empire progresses in morals with the general human march forward, and things which were regarded as quite all right in 1842 are out of the question in 1923. In all probability the home government would be glad to be rid of the whole sorry business, and so would most of the English people. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that India is already a political volcano; sudden action would not only mean a grave disruption in Indian finances, but a serious problem to millions of drug users. Lord

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Robert says that when Mr. Sastri got the resolution amended a year and a half ago he did so in concern lest "medicinal use" should mean "use on a physician's prescription," which would shut off the drug from thousands of Indians who use it medicinally but in districts where physicians do not exist. This is possible; but it is also possible that the representative of India was seeking to postpone the opium question until the even more urgent one of Gandhi had subsided; or to give a year's warning of an action which, like the adoption of prohibition in America, should have been foreseen but nevertheless came with a shock of surprise and pain to a large number of worthy gentlemen whose property rights were impaired by the new order.

In any case, the sincerity not only of Mr. Sastri but of the League Assembly, the Indian government and Great Britain will soon be put to the test. If the new phraseology of the Opium Commission is adopted by the Assembly and accepted by India, it will be a real triumph for that power which is so often invoked in vain—the enlightened public opinion of the world. Every economic interest is in favor of the continuance of the opium traffic; it cannot even be said that capitalistic employers are against it because it impairs the efficiency of their "wage slaves," for, at least so far as the Far East is concerned, in most cases it apparently does not. The embattled moral indignation of the world is the poppy's sole important enemy; its degree of success or failure in this case will give us a valuable estimate of its present power—or weakness—in general.

Back to the Father of Lies

FOR two thousand years and more Herodotus was honored with the title of Father of History. Then came the nineteenth century with its passion for truth. Herodotus was weighed line by line and found light. It was proved that he had falsified events, in passages without number. His old title gave way to a new one, Father of Lies.

But the nineteenth century historians were not, after all, such white robed acolytes of the truth as their condemnation of Herodotus implied. They wrote, too often, with a political purpose, more or less subtly concealed, and political purposes seldom square with the truth. One wrote the history of Greece with a view to bolstering parliamentary institutions. Another wrote the history of imperial Rome in justification of Bismarckian imperialism. And when nationalism went mad, toward the end of the century, every country developed its corps of historians, along with its guns and ships, as a weapon of national defence or aggression. Every political party, every social class, came to have its official manipulator of history. The historians who remained steadfast in their loyalty to the truth were helpless to check the flood of spurious historical ideas. The public preferred the debased coinage in its daily trafficking and came to regard it as standard. History had become present politics.

It is this cheapening of the standard of history that explains the tendency on the part of public and quasi public authorities to censor history books. If we are to be flooded with propaganda, let it be our propaganda. As English Americans, shall we permit our school texts and library books to denounce the British colonial policy of the eighteenth century? As Irish Americans, shall we stand for histories that imply that England had part of the law and the moralities on her side? As New Englanders with Abolitionist antecedents, shall we tolerate a too respectful treatment of the States Rights views of the Old South? As Southerners, shall we permit the historians to read Union in the very origin of the Constitution and thus convict our fathers of the crime of rebellion?

The New York Senate, by a heavy majority, has passed a bill specifying the manner in which the Declaration of Independence, the events leading up to the Revolutionary War, the military history of that war and the personal character of the Revolutionary patriots must be treated in textbooks to be used in the state. That is a beginning. Next we shall have laws fixing the characters of the early Presidents and justifying the Mexican War. Then our legislatures will give us the literally inspired history of the World War, in which, single handed almost, we overthrew the might of the Central Empires. We shall have Roosevelt or Wilson a demigod, according to the complexion of the legislature. Each political overturn will be celebrated by a state wide bonfire of the history textbooks of the defeated party. The teachers who had laboriously printed a Republican version of history on the minds of the children will have to print a Democratic version on top of it, only to put the same tables of the mind through a third printing when the Republicans come back.

Herodotus lied, but for the sake of the Muse. History, as he conceived it, was an art, as exacting as tragedy or sculpture. If the facts did not observe the proper proportions, fall into the desired rhythms, he mended them, in good faith. He never lied to advance any selfish personal or political purpose. The best thing we can do is to return to his methods. The Fathers were gallant men, often great men, but they were human. Let our historians give us purely mythical figures instead of them. Let them give us mythical wars in which all our soldiers were heroes, none of our civilians profiteers. Myth could be made infinitely edifying to the children, provided they could be made to accept it. And we see no reason why they should not accept pure myth as readily as the counterfeit history prepared according to political specifications.

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Teeth in the Trust Law

EVERYBODY has taken his turn at sneering at the Sherman anti-trust law. It offers no method of unscrambling eggs, according to one of our most widely quoted poets, the late J. Pierpont Morgan. More pedantically, it has been compared to the sword with which Hercules attacked the hydra. Two or more heads are made to grow where one grew before. The Standard Oil Trust maintains thirty-seven main offices—we believe that is the number—where it formerly maintained one. District attorneys, returning from a successful trust busting expedition, have been likened to Tartarin, returning full of boastings from the land of the lions, with the hide of a toothless old pet lion as proof of his prowess.

But the prosecutions of the building material men in New York suggest the Sherman law wits have missed fire in their jests. The Gypsum Industries Association must find their monopolistic strivings seriously lamed by the federal injunction filed on the fourth of last January. That injunction tells them exactly what they may and what they may not do in the way of associated activity. They may work together for efficiency, but not for gouging. The federal government is no respecter of classes, and on March 1, 1922, presented the Bricklayers', Masons' and Plasterers' international union with an injunction restraining certain acts that had made the union a most valuable adjunct to the monopolizing activities of the material men. But the most significant victory the government has won consists in the conviction of the Sanitary Potters' Association and the handing down of jail sentences upon eight of the ringleaders. Trust organizers have come to count on nothing more than fines, in case of conviction. These have figured as one of the minor costs of the methods of doing business, a cost comparable, at worst, to postage, at best to the carbon paper used by the trust's stenographers. But six or ten months in jail for pillars of society—that is another story.

When one reviews the acts of these defendants, what one most regrets is the moderation of the judge. They had built an iron-clad combine, controlling 82 percent of all the sanitary pottery—that is, bathroom fixtures, except tubs—manufactured in the United States. They had set up a body of so-called "legitimate jobbers," and nobody could get sanitary pottery supplies except through those jobbers, who, in turn, could be counted on not to let any competing manufacturer in. Thus protected, the combination was in a position to fix prices that afforded a very handsome profit—two hundred percent and more has been estimated. The combination thus exerted all the influence it commanded to keep up the cost of building houses, with its natural consequence, high rents and building congestion. There are plenty of other robber knights levying on the people's need for housing, but we have not heard of any more grasping and detestable than these.

They have their sentences. Will sanitary pottery be cheaper in consequence? Will other building materials be cheaper on account of the warning to monopolists contained in this conviction? That depends.

If builders and their customers, the home owners and rent payers remain inert, they will be tallaged ad libitum by somebody. When the traffic will bear a charge, somebody will be sure to clap it on. But if builders will bestir themselves and insist on reasonable prices, if the rent payers will prepare themselves to organize cooperatively, if necessary, they will find that there is no longer a stone wall between them and the supplying of their housing requirements.

The federal courts cannot impose economic freedom upon the home builders and tenants. It can release them from the shackles of combinations. Beyond that, their case rests with themselves.

The Logic of Wage Increases

FROM all sections of the country and from many industries come reports of advance in wage rates. These reports arouse grave headshakings among the economists who write the bank circulars. Increased wages, they say, lead to higher prices and inflation. Indeed, a conclave of statistical advisers of large corporations late last year decided that the next boom would probably be brought to an end, not by financial factors, but by a rising labor cost which would take the profit out of business. We are already being told all over again that the unconscionable demands of labor are responsible for the high cost of living. These whisperings should be subjected to analysis before they reach the broadcasting stations which they are sure to attain, should retail prices follow the present upward trend of wholesale commodity prices.

The wage increases are the result, directly or indirectly, of the enlarged demand for labor. With plants nearing capacity production, it is more difficult to find competent operatives, and competition among employers follows. Sometimes the advances are wholly unsolicited; sometimes they are hastened by the action of unions. It should first be noted that most of the increases have occurred in the industries which either suffered most from the late depression or pursued a voluntary policy of drastic wage reduction, thus dispersing a large part of their working forces. Textiles, metal mining, metal fabricating—these are the very trades in which unemployment and wage cuts were the heaviest two years ago. In many cases the increases represent, for the industries concerned, a normal reaction from the

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wide downward swing of the cycle. For the wage-earners, they mean merely a recovery to something like a parity with the workers in more stable or better unionized industries, such as printing, clothing manufacture, or coal mining. The policy of wage "deflation" in an industrial order characterized by the business cycle is thus shown to be without permanent result to compensate for its waste and suffering.

Suppose, however, the upward wage movement should become so general and pronounced as to include all trades alike. Would it be responsible for a higher price level and so neutralize any advantage the wage-earners might have gained, besides causing hardship to those with fixed incomes? Would it stimulate inflation? Would it take the profit out of business and so bring on a depression?

Employer-economists have a curious way of mixing their theoretical "laws" when they talk about labor. In the first place, they are clearly inconsistent when they state in one breath that rising wages bring about rising prices, and in the next that rising wages diminish profits. If prices rise, profits are bound to increase also, even though wages rise in proportion. This is as simple as that twice two is four, while twice one is only two. Profits may increase even without price advances, if production grows, enlarging turnover and reducing unit costs. But if profits should actually diminish in a period of large production and rising wages—and the premise is almost inconceivable—we may be quite sure that prices would not rise. The theorists cannot have both their rising prices and their falling profits at the same time.

In the second place, these economists forget a large part of their theory when they state that price increases are caused by wage increases. They forget that important part which they use to justify many unpleasant characteristics of the economic order—"supply and demand." This would be a happy world if prices were always as low as production cost permits. If an article cannot be made cheaply enough to be sold at a profit it will not long be made—so much is admitted. But that admission sets merely an ultimate lower limit to prices. It is absurd to suppose, and no economist really does suppose, that prices move up and down exactly on this lowest possible level. When prices rise they do so on account of market conditions, and are dependent on what the seller can get, under existing circumstances. Economic history, statistically analyzed, shows that in an era of rapidly rising wholesale prices, the prices go up much earlier and further than the wages. They are forced up, not by wage increase, but by stimulated demand, or by diminished supply, or by credit and currency inflation, or by monopoly control—which are all different ways of describing more or less the same situation. The present condition of the steel industry is a case in point. The wages of unskilled labor in the steel industry have been raised twice since the trough of the depression—20 percent on September 1, 1922, and 11 percent on April 16, 1923. They are now $4.00 for a ten-hour day, one-third above the $3.00 of a year ago. Yet steel billets (Bessemer, Pittsburgh) began to rise in April 1922. Last September, at the date of the 20 percent wage increase, they were already 40 percent above the low level of $28.00, and by April 1, 1923, they had reached $40.00, or 60 percent above it. Steel labor is now receiving 100 percent more than in 1915, while steel billets are more than double the 1915 average.

Average weekly earnings of New York factory workers were in February 7 percent above a year ago, while wholesale prices according to the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics were 11 percent above.

Inflation is a condition which arises when the volume of credit and currency grows more rapidly than the exchange of goods. The rapid rise of prices and the speculation which results from it lead to duplication of orders, to accumulation of heavy inventories, to production and trade in excess of effective consumers' demand, to undue capital expansion, and to an eventual falling off of the actual demand on account of reduced purchasing power at the high prices. A collapse of prices and production in such a situation is inevitable. Much has been said about the possible prevention of inflation by a stricter loaning policy on the part of the banks during the early stages of a boom. But little has been said about the possible stabilizing influence of labor. If the labor supply cannot be enlarged too rapidly, there exists a powerful brake on excessive production and excessive capital expansion. The more closely the rise of wages approximates the rise of wholesale prices, the greater limitation is placed on rapid growth of profits—which is one of the most powerful motives to inflation. And, on the consuming side, a rise of wages which paralleled or even exceeded the rise of retail prices would stabilize or enlarge the purchasing power of the industrial population. It thus would help the effective demand to keep pace with the supply of consumers' goods.

Industrial depression has never been known to result from a growing buying power of consumers. No business man would have difficulty in finding the capital to enlarge his productive capacity to meet such a demand. It is thus inconceivable that wage increases can be a cause of inflation, or are economically unsound in a period of rising prices. On the contrary, advances in wages, if they were prompt and substantial enough, might go far to correct the perilous tendencies of a boom. The chief trouble is not that wages advance but that other elements in the price cycle advance earlier and further than do wages.

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Let's Be Illiterate

OLD carpets are being beaten now, trunks are coming down out of the attic, spring suits are coming out of the trunks, and are patched, examined, rejected; mothballs are rolling about on the floor. Altogether not a bad time for some of us to unpack old assumptions and have a look at them.

Illiteracy for instance. We have always assumed that it was bad to be illiterate—bad, backward, degraded, uncivilized. We keep illiterate foreigners out of the country. We don't let them become citizens until they can read and write a certain amount of English. We sniff at the Carolina and Kentucky mountaineers who have been here longer than any of us and can shoot straighter but who wouldn't know a headline if they saw one. We feel superior at the thought of all the European peasants for whom print means nothing, and we loftily invite them to acquire certain mental and optical habits which would open to them, were they Americans, all the treasures in the columns of the Journal and the Daily News. We are quite right, of course, in thinking that an intelligent, or even an average person cannot compete in our modern life unless he knows how to read and write; and that without such knowledge he cannot become a good citizen and voter for Hylan or Harding. It is true that an illiterate in almost any part of this country but the smallest villages and backwoods is mentally a cripple. But there is a good deal to be said for illiteracy just the same.

Language, the raw material of our speech, and the way we use it, suffers a good deal because so many of us are literate. This may be only another unverified assumption, but it seems true that language as we read it and see it is a poorer thing today than it used to be. Consider the differences in the source of language today and some three hundred years ago, when a particularly rich, noble and various English was being written and, we have reason to believe, spoken as well. The men who wrote in the English of the King James version derived their language from earlier writers, from teachers, from other languages, from a variety of literate sources. But they were enormously influenced by the kind of English they heard spoken all about them, in the country, in the city, a raw, resonant, native language always being reborn on the tongues of people who could neither read nor write. It was of course a confused medium, since the names of common objects changed from county to county, and people lived not far apart who pretended to speak the same language but could barely understand one another. There was no standard among illiterates, but on the contrary a thousand separate and various pools of speech bubbling up words and phrases. These rich, chaotic waters were continually swirling about the ears of the writer, and whatever he wrote was of course full of the richness and singularity of speech of people who could not write.

None of us who are literate, for whom the printed word is as natural a part of life as walking or eating, can begin to understand what goes on in the mind of an illiterate as intelligent as ourselves when he is using language. We can, however, guess at the great difference in mental processes between the literate who depends, in his acquiring or use of words, upon ability to visualize the printed image of them and the illiterate, who must rely on ear alone. No wonder the speech used when ears contributed to its making is pleasanter to read than the eye-made, eye-thought speech of today. Ink has taken the place of sound.

What is worse, there exists a great central standardized reservoir of ink from which each of us dips enough for his daily use. The newspapers have established, from one end of the country to the other, a lowest common denominator of flat, juiceless, universal language which discolors and dilutes the speech of the readers. Instead of local pools of language welling up from this village and that illiterate, story-telling oldest-inhabitant, we have a sort of million gallon Croton reservoir of language supplying the same flat words to every inhabitant. We do not mean that language is stagnant, nor standardized beyond hope, for nothing is more constantly changing and renewing itself, nor more stubbornly defying attempts to keep it in the same place. But the language is poorer than it was. People from different parts of the country understand each other perfectly, and so neither makes any addition to the other's language. Only from the illiterates, for whom language is life itself, do we still keep on learning new words with a real sound and ring to them. They could save us, if we would let them, from allowing our speech to become—from having been a decoration of life—degraded into a mere currency of penny and nickel words worn smooth from having been in everybody's pocket.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1923, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.
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Shadows of 1924

THERE are some critics of the Harding administration who hold, not without glee, that the President was launched on his campaign for a second term in a way entirely characteristic of the record since March 4, 1921; that is, with the least of the teamwork forecast before that date, and with distinct evidence of a provincial habit of thought. Mr. Harding would not agree that the manner of launching his campaign was characteristic, but he would not deny that it was awkward. There is ample reason to believe that none realizes more keenly than he that it was not a smooth, astute, well-handled piece of work.

This is what happened: In the late winter, Secretary Hoover, Senator Watson and others of the inner circle said Mr. Harding would be the Republican nominee in 1924. Considerable attention was paid to them by the newspapers and politicians. While the presidential party was in Florida some weeks later, Attorney-General Daugherty got it into his head that since everybody knew Mr. Harding was to be the nominee, it would be well to deliver an expansive, comfortable gesture that would clear the field of annoying hopefuls. So he built upon what the Hoovers and Watsons had told the country by saying with an air of finality that there would be against Mr. Harding only the perennial candidate, meaning Senator La Follette. Mr. Daugherty did not consult with other presidential advisers. He did not ask any one whether what he had in mind to say fitted neatly into the national situation, with nearly a year and a half to go before the conventions. He simply followed the good, old, State Capital machine rule of telling the other fellow that he has no chance in the world, and should spare himself fruitless effort.

The Troubles of a Candidate

But a candidacy for re-election as President is very different from a candidacy for re-election as Senator, or Governor, or Mayor, for the President has constantly to do with things that directly and deeply concern the welfare of 110 million people. And if in dealing with the people on those vital things, he finds their minds twisted suspiciously to locate a political pill in the food for thought he serves them, then he is in trouble. He is in political trouble because, no matter how disinterested may be his proposals, the public makes a discount for politics, which lessens results, which in turn lessens political chances. He is in personal trouble because no man, President or policeman, can live under constant sharp suspicion and be happy. Mr. Daugherty, forgetting that he is looked upon by the country as a sort of boudoir politician to the President (reflecting the intimacies of the Presidential mind), and failing to measure the effect upon the President's public problems of a projection of the President's political ambitions, made his expansive gesture as though playing the annual political game back home in Ohio. In a little while both he and the President awoke to a realization that the public's passive, subconscious acceptance of the Harding candidacy for a second term has been changed to alert political examination of all Mr. Harding does—by friends and foes, and by the average man.

Big Taxes and Little Dollars

It was a bad blunder. It added appreciably to the load Mr. Harding bears in seeking public favor for his plans respecting international questions in general, and the World Court in particular, and respecting such domestic questions as taxes, transportation and immigration. He cannot talk to the country across the table, eye upon eye. The country's eye turns away frequently to peer under the table in search of some political manoeuvre. Yet, if ever a President needed the country's eye meeting his in steady gaze, Mr. Harding does. With numerous signs of irritation with his foreign policy, and with his own party leaders shifting ground—for example, Watson the moderate looking askance at the World Court, while Pepper the anti-Leaguer moves around toward the League—Mr. Harding is in extreme necessity of talking to the country strongly and of having his words taken at par. His necessity is no less in domestic affairs.

Good ground exists for doubting that the blanket answer of prosperity, which the Old Guard is offering to all criticisms of conditions at home, will be sufficient. Plenty of employment may not be an adequate emollient to the irritated spots. Plenty of employment existed in 1920 when the country was gathering the 7,000,000 plurality against the Democrats. So far as domestic questions contributed to that plurality, big taxes and small dollars were the main factors. Taxes still are big and will be big in 1924. Dollars are getting small again—they never have been big since the war—and the trend of the wholesale price index suggests that they are likely to be very small when the nominations are made. The present is a time when Mr. Harding stands to suffer severely unless he can be effective in his argument to the country to listen and be reasonable; but Mr. Daugherty has fixed things so that the country is more likely in these next months to listen and be acutely suspicious. Moreover, personal unhappiness under constant sharp suspicion is a dangerous thing in a man of Mr. Harding's temperament. It is to be remembered that his patience, of which so much is heard, is the kind of patience that runs more easily into resignation than into hard, self-contained determi-

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nation. The trip across the country this summer may fizzle because of an ineffective mood of Mr. Harding's.

But although the manner and time of launching the President's candidacy have measurably hamstrung him in public appeal, with probable ill consequences to his candidacy, there is little doubt now among politicians that he will be the party nominee. Not only is there the Daugherty statement, on top of the Hoover and Watson statements, but the best information is that the family influence dearest to Mr. Harding—always a brave and daring influence—is definitely swung in favor of a second candidacy. And it is almost axiomatic that a President seeking renomination shall be gratified. To the fact that politicians believe failure to renominate a President is a dangerous confession, is to be added the fact that the President usually has attached to himself the practical, delegate-controlling politicians in most of the states, and they are loyal for loyalty's sake, and in the belief that self-interest is against chancing another man. In Mr. Harding's case, the emphatic announcements virtually cleared the field, notwithstanding the insurgent revolt in his party, and notwithstanding the party's comparative weakness against revolt, due to eight years of defeat and the series of failures immediately following its return to power.

Harding vs. the Field

Senator La Follette cannot get the Republican nomination, although he may gather a surprising number of delegates. Governor Pinchot, with a drastic dry record in Pennsylvania, is favored by some of the prohibition leaders, but Mr. Harding has been satisfactory to the powers in the Anti-Saloon League. The talk of Senators Borah and Johnson that flared up after the November election has subsided. No one seriously thinks now of Secretaries Hughes and Hoover. The game is in the President's hands. And his one danger, so far as can be seen now, is the possibility that his fight with the old line partisans of his party on the question of entering the Court will lead to a genuine schism at the one point where none ever was expected. It will be strange and surprising if that comes to pass, however strongly he and his critics within the party may talk at the moment. And, of course, if Mr. Harding is renominated, the Republican platform will mean nothing. He must be the platform—with his record, to date at least, of honest attention to routine administration, of conservatism of the Old Guard brand in controverted economic questions, and of doubt and timidity in international affairs.

The conditions that will determine the Democratic opponent to Mr. Harding are taking form rapidly. Probably in their final form they will call for the nomination of one who is, or appears to be, progressive in domestic affairs, and is definitely pro-League. That is because the signs now are that the progressive element in domestic affairs and the League element in foreign affairs are fast becoming militant and purposeful forces, more conscious of their ends than other elements. The progressive Democrat with convictions, who compelled the Democratic convention in 1912 against its will to nominate Mr. Wilson, is coming to life again. That will be seen clearly in the next few months. He will insist upon a candidate dissenting sharply from the traditional Republican treatment of big business followed in the Harding administration. The demands of the progressive will be strengthened by the probable renomination of Mr. Harding, and the natural movement of the opposition party to a candidate offering contrast. The principal question is whether this genuine progressive element will get a candidate who will satisfy as Mr. Wilson did in 1912, or be compelled to take a 1924 replica of Champ Clark.

Likewise, the pro-Leaguer is coming to life again. The tide toward an affirmative policy of international cooperation that has disturbed Republican relations is beginning to cause excitement among Democrats. It angers the small but virile group of outright anti-League Democrats. And it greatly bothers the mere politicians among the Democrats, even those who faithfully supported the League fight two years ago. Most of the politicians have been edging away from the League. Their talk has been that to make the League an issue again would hurt both the party and the League. They are being met now with the questions: What is the use of the party's winning if it does not win for some purpose? How can the League be hurt more by fighting for it than by running away from it? It is likely, when the Democratic convention meets, the men who are against the League, and the men who would like to speak very softly on the subject will be in a majority. But it is unlikely that that majority will dominate. The leaders and the candidate will scarcely dare the anger of one possessing Mr. Wilson's following, far greater than that of any other Democrat, and Mr. Wilson's uncompromising spirit. And the temper of League Democrats in general, whether they follow Mr. Wilson or support the League "on their own," will hardly warrant repudiation of the League or running away from it.

Politics and Liquor

Behind the economic questions and the international questions lurks the liquor question. It will be in both conventions, but the Republicans will promptly thrust it aside; the Republican party is dry and expects to stay dry. In the Democratic convention, however, it will be a very devil. The South, whose solidarity must be the foundation of Democratic hopes, is emotionally dry; the North and East, to which the Democrats must turn for the second layer of electoral votes, barring such long shot chances as Mr. Wilson success-

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fully played in the West in 1916, is emotionally wet—so wet in the big cities that cool politicians use the term "crazy wet." And the most emotional of these wets are normally Democrats. The cleavage is deepened by religious feeling. The South's emotionally dry Democrats are Protestants; the North's emotionally wet Democrats are Catholics, or followers of Catholic leadership in the main. And not in decades have the Protestants of the South and the Catholics of the North been so religiously conscious in their politics as at this time, thanks to the Ku Klux Klan. For years the dissimilarity between the Democracy of the South and that of the North has been a party embarrassment, but it never has carried the peril that it does today.

The Dangerous Mr. Smith

More than that, 1924 probably will show for the first time a real leader of the wet Northern Catholic Democrats, one out of their own loins and capable of arousing something of the frenzied enthusiasm that Mr. Bryan evokes from the drys. Governor Smith, idol of wet Northern Catholic Democrats, may become a problem to the Democrats far transcending the usual problem of Tammany and associated machines. His personality may start a political fire, even though as a party man he may seek by all means to avert one. This condition is made the more dangerous by the two-thirds rule of Democratic conventions. The wets may have enough delegates, one third or more, to defeat any candidate unsatisfactory to them, in the face of a probable clear dry majority from the South and the West.

Such a situation baffles prophecy. A hundred things may happen in the sweep of public sentiment, or in the tradings of politicians, to swing the outcome one way or the other. But if a guess were made, it would be on the wets. Several circumstances favor them. First, it will be easier for the mere politicians of the South to yield than for those of the North to do so. No Southern state will go Republican because the candidate is moderately wet, but the chance to win important Northern states may turn on nominating a wet. Second, the wets demonstrated their staying power when Governor Cox was nominated, and they seem stronger now than in 1920. Third, Mr. Wilson vetoed the Volstead Act and presumably thinks no more of it now. His influence may be cast as a matter of principle to the side of the wets, who will be asking for the most liberal law possible under the Eighteenth Amendment. It may be cast to the wets the more readily in the thought that it will soften the anti-League sentiment among the Democrats in some of the big cities.

Of the candidates for the Democratic nomination, the most active, Senator Underwood, has the least chance. He is the favorite of those who want a safe and sane man. But equally on grounds of logic and expediency, Mr. Underwood seems blocked. His leadership in the Senate has shown that he is not in tune with party movement: although perhaps the most thoroughly respected man by the Democrats of their membership, his followers did not follow. He was conservative and his party was not. With respect to domestic affairs, his nomination would be illogical. It would be dangerous, too, in its effect on labor. Beyond that, expediency counts against his nomination. If the Republicans renominate Mr. Harding, the Democrats could not nominate Senator Underwood without losing the value of contrast. The principal difference between the two men is that when Mr. Harding seeks a product of the intellect, he looks for one ready made, in the prevailing mode and liked by his friends, while Senator Underwood takes the raw materials and fabricates the product himself. Mr. Underwood might qualify on the League, would certainly qualify on the liquor question if the wets rule, and might carry the handicap of Southern residence, but his stand on economic questions probably bars him.

Cox's Sporting Blood

Governor Cox could easily be made a "logical" candidate but for that 7,000,000 plurality against him in 1920. He can qualify as a progressive. His record in Ohio will sustain him. He has an aggressive pro-League record. And he could adjust himself to the outcome of the liquor fight. He was a wet. In his 1920 campaign, he declared for law enforcement and the wets said he left them. If the drys control the next convention he could stand on his 1920 declaration. If the wets control, he could revert to his old position—probably his real one—and call for repeal of the Volstead Act on the ground of failure. So practical a politician as Mr. Cox could handle that situation with ease. He has another asset. He appeals to sporting blood. When the country dumped that 7,000,000 plurality on him, he shook himelf, stood up, looked the world in the eye, said "I stand pat"—and proved he meant it. But notwithstanding these facts, and notwithstanding the fact that his renomination is not unthinkable, the chances are the other way. Most politicians think the 1920 plurality for Harding put the Indian sign on Cox.

There is left of the active candidates Mr. McAdoo. He is leading at this time. He has more rank and file following, and more political support than any rival. By the same token, he is the object of attack by the friends of all other candidates. Apparently, the manoeuvre is about to be tried of bringing out favorite sons in states where he cannot be stopped by any of the real candidates. His enemies will need all their expedients. Mr. McAdoo, in addition to his present following, has marked powers of political acquisition. He has imagination, resource, daring; he knows how to leap upon a horse, wave his hat,

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and lead a raiding expedition. He comes nearer the Wilson and Roosevelt standards in that than any other candidate in either party.

He meets two of the qualifications that are to be expected in the Democratic candidate, being progressive and pro-League, and that gives a solid foundation for the exercise of his political talents. But on the liquor question he is stamped a dry, and that, plus the determined character of the political opposition to him, and the bitterness of some of his rivals, may defeat him. Many politicians believe it assuredly will do so. And his family relationship to Mr. Wilson may make the latter antagonistic rather than sympathetic. Mr. Wilson will not be thinking of helping a son-in-law; he will be thinking of winning. The very fact that Mr. McAdoo is a member of his family may cause him to examine Mr. McAdoo's availability with exceptional candor. He may lean back.

It is evident that there is at least an even chance that none of the active candidates will be nominated. Governor Smith immediately comes to mind. He would be the leading candidate, were he not an Irish Catholic. It is likely the same reason will continue to be effectual. He is more likely to have a potent voice in making the nomination than to get it. Former Justice John H. Clarke is sincerely indifferent, and besides he will be nearly seventy years old. John W. Davis's professional relations with J. P. Morgan may be counted upon to eliminate him, however strongly his numerous admirers may urge that all good lawyers become corporation lawyers. William R. Hearst has no real chance. And, of course, Mr. Wilson, who might run away with the convention if his health were good, is eliminated by fate. Beyond this group are the possibilities—the more or less recordless men like Senator Ralston of Indiana, and Governor Silzer of New Jersey, become prominent through unusual local victories; and the occasional brilliant man like Bainbridge Colby. The choice of some such man is looked for by many of the best politicians.

Henry Ford stands off in a class by himself. All that can be said of him is that he has a large popular following, and is a man of strange triumphs. It is a fact that the Democratic politicians are not comfortable in the thought of nominating Ford in a pinch. In that, they happen to be in accord with the intellectuals of their party. And it is a fact that if he were nominated, it would mean that the Democrats had turned their backs on the East and North, for no leader along the seaboard would think of nominating a candidate who would encounter the solid and intense opposition of the Jews.

It is easier to think of Mr. Ford as an independent candidate. And when independent candidacies are reached, with the conventions more than a year away, speculation becomes labyrinthine; it leads everywhere and nowhere. No man knows what will be the state of Mr. Ford's mind next year, just as no man knows what will be in Senator La Follette's mind. Not even Senator La Follette knows, although he understands that he will be defeated in the Republican convention, and probably has no more idea of playing with the Democrats than he has had in other presidential years. Some kind of third party movement next year is expected but whether Ford or La Follette will lead it depends upon many things that have not happened as yet. JOHN W. OWENS.

Chester & Turkey, Inc.

IT may seem strange to seek a political connection between the recent enactment of the Chester concession at Angora, and the French occupation of the Ruhr; but he who tries to look behind the scenes of European diplomacy, will soon have to eliminate the word "strange" from his vocabulary.

There can be no doubt that in giving the Chester interests one of the most sweeping concessions in diplomatic history, the National Assembly of Angora was inspired by two considerations: the necessity of economic cooperation with the West, and an absolute preference for American cooperation over cooperation of the European powers. But that the concession should have been enacted *before* the resumption of the peace parleys at Lausanne, was the offspring of diplomatic motives—a strategic move on the part of the Turks.

Most "surprise knockouts" occur when the champion "holds his man too cheaply." Mr. Lloyd George, whose excellent judgment of Germany's and England's respective resources made him the pacemaker of British victory in the World War, committed the tragic blunder of misjudging completely the military value of the Turks; the result was the military thunderbolt which crushed the Greek invaders and shattered the Sèvres Treaty. France, on the other hand, made the mistake of misjudging the diplomatic ability of the Turks, and the result was the political thunderbolt of the Chester concession, which is a heavier blow to the Quai d'Orsay even than to No. 10, Downing Street.

The press-button which released the Turkish Jack-in-the-box was the French attitude during the first session of the Lausanne Conference. During the armistice negotiations at Mudania last October, France could not have been more pro-Turkish than she was, had she been an official ally of Mustapha Kemal's forces. When the Lausanne parleys began, however, Ismet Pasha noticed with surprise

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that France's attitude had changed completely. M. Bompard, chief French delegate, restricted his rôle to that of a political spear-bearer. He backed Lord Curzon in almost every question.

There is a widespread belief on the European continent that a constant barter is going on between England and France, with the respective Oriental and Occidental interests of these powers as the gambits. Many European students of politics believe that whenever England yields to France in questions relating to Germany, she has obtained some diplomatic advantage from Paris in the Near East, and vice versa. The sudden change in France's attitude at Lausanne coinciding, as it did, with the occupation of the Ruhr, induced many continental diplomats to accept this, by now notorious theory of the "permanent Anglo-French barter." But like most dogmatic theories this one, too, may prove to be seriously misleading.

Turkey knows all the rules of the European diplomatic quadrille. When Britannia, France, Italy and the Russian bear stood up in line for the dance, the new Turkish government remembered that Lord Curzon, master of ceremonies, would soon follow up the command: "En avant, Messieurs," with the order: "Changez les dames!" And when that order came, the new Turkish débutante espoused, as is so often the case, the silent young man who stood leaning against the wall. It was Mr. Child, the American observer.

In enacting the Chester concession before the resumption of the Lausanne parleys, the National Assembly was undoubtedly prompted by the belief that France "bought" Great Britain's passive attitude in the Ruhr question with her diplomatic support of England in the Near East—the only field more important to Downing Street than the German situation. Turkish diplomacy did not alter this opinion when M. Poincaré stated, on the breaking-up of the first Lausanne Conference, that France did not consider the Allied peace proposals the final word in the matter. The representatives of Angora believed that the French Premier's move was meant only to intimidate the British, who were then being accused by the French press of causing an artificial slump in the franc. With Russia virtually silenced and France and Italy lined up with Great Britain, Turkey hoped, by speeding up the deliberations of the National Assembly and enacting the Chester concessions before the Assembly entered into its spring recess, to enlist American support at the second session at Lausanne.

Thus, extraordinary political significance has been given to what is in reality a series of purely economic concessions of the greatest international importance.

The rights of exploiting the oil fields of Kurdistan, known as the Mosul fields, form only a comparatively small part of the Chester concessions. The latter comprise the rebuilding of the city of Angora on American lines. Angora is to be provided with broad streets, new governmental and legislative buildings and a modern hotel with 400 rooms. It will be adorned with a large park, with an artificial lake in the middle. There will be street cars, telephones, electric lighting, and a modern sewer system and water supply. The concession provides also for the construction of railways between Angora, Sivas, Kharput, Diarbekr, Nisibin (the present terminus of the eastern part of the Bagdad Railway), Mosul and Suleimanieh, on the Persian border.

The concessionaries did not follow the example of the Deutsche Bank in demanding a "kilometer-guarantee" for the construction of the Bagdad Railway. Instead, they obtained the right to exploit all mineral resources, including oil wells for twenty kilometers, or about 12½ miles, on either side of the projected track. Under this provision the concessionaries will exploit the rich copper mine of Arghana Madén, to the northwest of Diarbekr, and a number of silver, gold, lignite, manganese ore and other mines. The Chester group will also construct a modern harbor by the Mediterranean, and another by the Black Sea, and will supply to Turkey great shipments of American agricultural machinery.

In its first form the Chester concession was granted in 1911, but according to the Turkish law it had to be ratified by the Mebûs-Khané, the Ottoman Parliament, to become valid. Furthermore, one of its clauses provided that the Chester group could temporarily refrain from carrying out the provisions of the concession without forfeit, should a force majeure arise. The Turkish-Italian War of 1911, the first Balkan War of 1912, the second in 1913, and the World War constituted a series of forces majeures, and also prevented the Turkish legislature from sanctioning the concession.

The new parleys at Lausanne will not bring about a change in the situation created by these concessions, for their enactment is now anchored in the new Turkish constitution, and they concern, in the major part, territories under the effective control of the Turkish armies.

In the first treaty-draft submitted to Mustapha Kemal Pasha by Franklin-Bouillon two years ago, the French demanded several economic privileges —such as the exploitation of the copper mine of Arghana Madén—which the Turks refused to grant and which have just been inserted into the Chester concession. The Turkish delegates at Lausanne will probably point out to France the inconsistency of her policy. In fact, it will be hard for the French to refute the argument that by making a treaty with Angora, they admitted that the new Turkish state was not bound by the agreements entered into by its predecessor, and that, therefore, there is no jurisdiction in their opposition to the Chester concession on the ground that it conflicts with treaties established be-

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tween France and previous Turkish governments.

That part of the concession, however, which relates to the oil fields of Kurdistan, will be in the limelight of interest at Lausanne, and will furnish the crucial test of the peace conference. The Turkish sanction of Chester's oil rights prescribes, of course, the political course Ismet Pasha will follow. But these rights are merely of a theoretic value as long as the territorial status of Kurdistan, including the county, or vilayet, of Mosul, is undecided. The difficulties of the situation are enhanced, and the position of the American delegation in this particular matter is rendered delicate by the fact that in this question the Chester-Goethals combine finds itself face to face not only with the British oil interests, but also with the Standard Oil, the Sinclair and the Gulf Oil companies—in fact, with most of the leading American oil concerns.

Persian, Turkish and other Oriental politicians, anxious to have the oil resources of the Near East exploited by Americans, noticed with bewilderment about a year ago that an "oil peace pact" had been concluded between the Standard Oil and the British, as well as the British-controlled Dutch oil interests. The Standard obtained the right of prospecting for oil in Palestine. The agreement extended to the Baku fields, and provided also for the joint exploitation of the North-Persian oil wells, through the medium of the British-controlled North-Persian Exploitation Company, a strong minority of whose stock is held by the Standard Oil. The "oil peace pact" was applied also to the Mosul oil area last fall, when other American oil companies were drawn into the agreement. Under its provisions, the British oil groups are to have a 49 percent interest in the enterprise of exploiting the oil fields of that region, 25 percent goes to the combined American interests, while the balance is to be held by the French, and the "Royal Dutch." As the latter is controlled by the British, however, England will own a controlling interest, for even 2 percent of Dutch-owned stock will turn the 49 percent of the British into a majority.

While this agreement lines up the American oil companies with the British, it is just as specious in value as the Chester rights to the oil of the region, as long as the peace conference does not agree as to whether the whole or a part of Kurdistan is to come under Turkish or British control.

While the quick action of the National Assembly of Angora in the matter of the Chester concession was a political move, the fact of its enactment was due to the general and emphatic preference of Orientals for cooperation with the United States. Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, in fact all Moslem countries, and even the leading political circles of Eastern Europe have the deepest distrust for the policies of the European powers. Germany lost her popularity in Turkey soon after the World War began. Her attempts to keep her Turkish ally from entering the Russian provinces in the Caucasus, manifested by the occupation of Tiflis by General Kress von Kressenstein in 1918, the acquittal by a Berlin jury of Teilirian, Talaat Pasha's assassin, and many other events have resulted in a dislike of the Germans throughout Turkey. The ever-shifting attitudes of England and France, culminating in the system of mandates, have completely alienated the peoples of the Orient from these Western powers. Turkey's cooperation with Russia, on the other hand, is purely political.

The sudden and sweeping change of public opinion in Syria, from a Francophile attitude to a violent animosity against French domination have been revealed in the investigations of Charles R. Crane. They have also evidenced the unanimous preference of the Syrians for America. For the first time in the history of Palestine, Christians and Moslems of the Holy Land have united in their protests against the British-Zionist system of government, and this attitude was voiced in the European capitals last year, by a Palestinian delegation led by Musa Kiazim Pasha, and composed of Christians and Moslems alike. Mesopotamia has been the theatre of a number of uprisings since 1918, and the animosity against the mandate is coupled with the dislike of King Faisal, an adherent of the Sunnite sect of Islam, who wields power over great masses of followers of the fanatic Shiite faith. Ibn Saud, the powerful leader of the Wanabite Bedouins in Central Arabia, and until recently a staunch supporter of the British cause, has changed front, prompted by jealousy of his powerful rival, King Hussein of Hedjaz, who is another of Britain's protégés. The situation in Egypt is well known.

On the other hand, America's moral standing in all of these countries is quite exceptional. From Adrianople to Amritzar, and from Tiflis to Aden, she is considered a friend. The reason for this is simple. Since the promulgation of the principle of the self-determination of peoples, the Oriental's sense of independence has been growing daily, and has received a strong impetus from the ardent patriotism of the Turk, which led him to the successful vindication of his independence. It has become a tradition in the Near East to interpret every action of the European powers as an attempt at political domination. America is the only power considered strong enough to provide the Orient with the capital and expert knowledge for its industrial development, without aiming at more than a legitimate profit. The Oriental feels that he needs cooperation with the West; but he is anxious to restrict that cooperation to the economic field. And he considers the United States the only power which would replace Europe's political ambitions by a sound, matter-of-fact and sincere economic policy.

EDWARD J. BING.

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Mexico's Quarrel With Rome

AT first blush the Catholic Church, which has the allegiance of at least 95 percent of Mexican adults, seems to be hounded and persecuted by the state. By the Constitution of 1917 it is forbidden:

> To own real estate or mortgages on same; to own church buildings or any other buildings; to possess invested funds or other productive property; to maintain convents or nunneries; to conduct primary schools; to direct or administer charitable institutions; to solicit funds for its support outside of church buildings; to hold religious ceremonies outside of church buildings; to clothe its ministers with a garb indicative of their calling.

Ministers of religion may not publicly criticize the fundamental laws, the authorities in particular, or the government in general. They may not vote, hold office, or assemble for political purposes. Clergymen may not inherit real property occupied by a religious association, or inherit from fellow clergymen or from private individuals not blood relatives. No assembly of a political character may be held in a place of public worship. No political party may bear a name indicative of relation to any religious belief. No religious periodical may comment on political affairs. No studies carried on in theological seminaries may be credited in a state university. Official permission must be obtained before opening a new temple of worship for public use, and the state legislature may determine the maximum number of ministers or religious creeds according to the needs of a locality. Marriage appertains to the exclusive jurisdiction of the civil authorities, although, of course, a religious ceremony may follow it.

From this bristling array of prohibitions one may safely deduce that Mexico has been the theatre of a prolonged and desperate struggle between Church and State.

As far back as the middle of the last century it became clear to Mexican liberals that popular government would never have a chance in Mexico so long as the Catholic hierarchy, controlling two thirds of the productive wealth of the country, dominated economic life and monopolized the great opinion-forming agencies—religion, education and charity. The issue was between the thirteenth century and the nineteenth and there was no evading it. The "little Indian" President, Juarez, in his famous Laws of Reform of 1856 sought by suppressing the convents and nationalizing the vast properties of the Mexican Church to transform it from a huge secular power into a religious institution pure and simple. The Constitution of 1857, which was to survive till 1917, is acrid with the smoke of this conflict.

During the earlier years of his régime General Diaz feared ecclesiastical encroachment and upheld the Laws of Reform. But, owing in a measure to the influence of Madame Diaz, a modus vivendi presently grew up between State and Church, so that in the latter part of Diaz's rule the laws were not consistently enforced. The church bells shattered the morning quiet as of yore, parish schools spread and religious processions reappeared.

The revolutionary period, 1911-20, was a vía dolorosa for the Church. Recognizing it as the main prop of land feudalism the revolutionists treated it as a political enemy. There were numerous atrocities, and in 1913-15 many ecclesiastics hid themselves or fled for their lives. In order to destroy in their ignorant rustic followers every vestige of superstitious regard for things ecclesiastical, the revolutionary generals purposely had their soldiers, along with their female camp followers, eat, drink, gamble and sleep in the churches. When the peon noted that no fire fell from Heaven to punish the sacrilege, he concluded that his priest had been deceiving him.

Since the fighting ended the Church has been recovering some of the ground lost. In West Central Mexico you might imagine yourself in Ecuador or Peru. In Morelia the church bells begin ringing about five o'clock in the morning and for the next hour and a half there is not five minutes of quiet. In Guadalajara there are said to be at least half a dozen nunneries and Mexico City harbors several, although such houses have been forbidden for sixty-five years. In the northern states of Mexico the Church confines herself to secondary education, but in the states of Puebla, Michoacan and Jalisco she has her primary schools, although the law forbids them.

There are signs, nevertheless, that the Mexican Church is moribund. The proportion of young men of good family taking orders is small and said to be getting smaller. No one marks any improvement in the quality and education of the clergy, but rather the reverse. The Church has not vitality enough to establish itself in new mining centres; so one hears of large communities without christening or confession.

Of late, however, the Church has been pulling herself together. About three years ago the Mexican newspapers gave much space to the Inter-Church World Movement here and its plan to raise a third of a billion dollars to advance the cause of Protestantism throughout the world. At once the Catholic hierarchy took alarm and prepared a counter-offensive. The women were marshalled as Catholic Ladies, while the young men

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were organized as Associations of Youth and Knights of Columbus, on lines which have proven so successful in the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. P. S. C. E.

With the promotion of militant organization has come a recrudescence of hostility to Protestant missionary effort. In recent months have occurred several instances of popular violence toward the American missionaries. With a people so polite and gentle as the Mexicans this can only mean that they are being systematically stirred up. The stoning and mobbing of evangelicals has brought no action by a government which has its hands full elsewhere. But the government, which is anything but clerical, recognizes that the missions benefit the people and cherish no political aims. It will never allow them to be harried out of the country.

So far as the laws can insure it, religious freedom prevails in Mexico, for there is no interference with the religious rites or functions of any body of believers. Nevertheless, the Church is extremely resentful of her actual constitutional status and insists that she is "persecuted." Archbishops and others high in the hierarchy tell me that the Church wants the right to own the land she needs for her edifices, to maintain charitable institutions, to conduct schools of any grade, to have the services of foreign priests and to have as many priests as she deems fit. They insist that the Mexican public schools turn out atheists and that the Church must have her own system of schools, although some are candid enough to admit that the Church is not equal to handling the job of popular education.

There is a plaintive note in the plea of the Mexican Church for the same rights the American Catholic Church enjoys. But the liberals, who, as a Director of Schools told me, have never constituted more than a quarter of the adults in Mexico but include three fifths of the brains, reply in effect:

> Let the Church abandon her arrogant pretensions and devote herself to promoting religion and all exceptional laws aimed at her will soon disappear. Let her eschew politics and concern herself with the spiritual welfare of her people. Let her resign herself, as the Catholic Church has done in other parts of the world, to the coexistence of a civil government which she does not control. Let her recognize that she cannot have a monopoly of the influences which mould the mind, and the state will no longer need to be on guard against her.

Several American Protestant Churches maintain missions in Mexico, some of which have half a century behind them. In order to avoid duplicating efforts, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Disciples, Lutherans and Friends have divided among themselves the Mexican field of labor. The Baptists and the Episcopalians decline to come into the arrangement. The Methodists look after Mexico City and the surrounding region and they report for 1921 a gain of 2,500. In this field a better feeling has grown up between the two great Christian bodies.

There can be no doubt that Protestant competition has had a very great effect in rousing the Church from her self-complacency and stimulating her to do more for her people. Since the spur was felt the Catholics have put seats into their churches, where formerly the worshippers stood. The clergy preach regularly, whereas formerly a sermon was heard only on the local saint's day. They are putting in Sunday schools, to some extent, and are more active in providing schools and playgrounds. The Bible is more read by the Catholics. Religion is becoming more personal and one comes upon something like the Protestant "revivals," with services every evening. The Knights of Columbus are beginning to conduct evening classes for young men of the working class and an employment bureau. The priests are growing ashamed of certain superstitious practices which once they countenanced, e. g. blessing animals and hanging Judas in effigy.

The need of making their message more vital, social and appealing is restoring to the Catholic clergy some of the apostolic spirit. One wonders, indeed, if this invigoration and socialization of the Church is not the more important fruit of evangelical work in Mexico. For there is abundant room for doubting if Protestantism has a large future in Mexico. For a long time the masses will be ignorant, simple-minded people to whom the symbolic and dramatic features of Catholic worship will irresistibly appeal. Then, too, it should be borne in mind that the Mexicans are very sensitive to beauty. Nowhere else save in Japan have I seen people with two square yards of garden giving one to the growing of flowers! The gift of Mexicans for loving and making music is another proof of aesthetic resonance.

Now, while Catholic church interiors are in some respects garish, in general they are wondrously beautiful. In contrast with these marvelous effects in form and color and tone the Protestant churches and services seem bare and bleak. At best, of course, they do rise to a severe noble beauty, but, in general, the Protestant church is congenial to one's intellect and conscience rather than to one's sense of beauty. It seems to me, therefore, that, for the coming half-century at least, the Mexican people will remain overwhelmingly Catholic. The missionaries should reconcile their hopes with this outlook and content themselves with their very great service in raising the plane of popular education and keying the work of the Church to a higher and more social note.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS.

[This is the last of a series of articles on Mexico by Professor Ross. They appear, in an expanded form, in his new book, Social Revolution in Mexico, published by the Century Co.—THE EDITORS.]

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Rich and Poor, Girls and Boys

THE influence of social standing upon intelligence scores has been hotly debated. On the whole the American psychologists have tended to ascribe the superior scores of well-to-do children to greater native intelligence. This may possibly be true. But the theory is easier to assert than to prove, chiefly because it is so difficult to separate the influence of environment from that of heredity in the results of the intelligence tests. And since, as we saw last week, it is no longer possible to regard the IQ as a direct measure of native ability; since, according to Mr. Burt,* schooling determines over half the result, it may be of value to see what Mr. Burt has to say about the influence of social status, and incidentally of sex, on intelligence scores.

The "backwardness" of the poor in intelligence tests is a fact. It is most apparent, Mr. Burt finds in early childhood when children's minds "wear most vividly the sharp impress of their parents' poverty. Even by the age of six or seven the difference [between the children of the poor and well-to-do] has doubtless already decreased. It continues to dwindle . . . until the age of twelve. But during the last two or three years it once more becomes peculiarly large." (p. 191)

Leaving aside explanations for the moment, let us turn to Mr. Burt's findings about sex differences in the tests:

> At almost every age the girls outstrip the boys. Their superiority, however, is a very modest one. . . . The difference swells to a maximum about the age of six or seven; at ten it is reversed in favor of the boys; but their recovery is transient; towards fourteen the superiority of the girls is again visibly mounting. (p. 193)

Now the interesting and curious thing about all this is that the superiority of the girls in relation to boys parallels the superiority of well-to-do children in relation to the poor.

This singular parallel, as Mr. Burt calls it, becomes even more striking if you study the individual tests. *With few exceptions the tests which are relatively easier for the favored children are also easier for girls; those tests which are relatively easier for the children of the poor are also easier for boys.* (cf. p. 196)

The girls and the well-to-do show relatively better with those tests which depend upon vocabulary, literary ability, memory (with certain exceptions) and information. And, says, Mr. Burt, "in all tests of the foregoing types superiority may be much enhanced where the child is the only child or the youngest child of an educated family."

The poorer children and the boys, on the other hand, find it relatively easier to do tests depending upon familiarity with money; on perceptual, rather than conceptual, skill, especially where manual activity is introduced; and tests depending upon critical shrewdness—e. g. noting absurdities, resisting suggestion.

There is also, as Mr. Burt points out, an obvious similarity between the environment and life history of all girls and of all children from superior homes.

> Sheltered, supervised, detained at home, girls, like children of the better classes, incline to sedentary lives and engage in literary pursuits; and, like those children, they consequently excel in linguistic work and conversational activities. Boys, like children of both sexes in the slums, have more to do with practical, perceptual, out of door pursuits. They are sent to shops with money. They are allowed to play and wander in the streets. They are encouraged to handle tools, to construct toys for amusement and articles for use. No wonder that, like the poorer child, whose lot in life for the present restricts him, and for the future destines him to menial tasks and manual labor, boys grow more ready with hand and eye than with tongue or pen. (p. 196)

Now in interpreting Binet scores, it is essential to remember that "linguistic ability and linguistic attainments exert upon the Binet-Simon tests a special and positive influence of their own." (p. 184) The tests are weighted in favor of verbal ability, and so, against mathematical and manual and "practical" abilities. They are, therefore, weighted in favor of girls against boys, the well-to-do as against the poor, and, in America we might add, in favor of the native born whose parents speak English as against children from homes where foreign languages are spoken.

It may be that the tests ought to be weighted in favor of linguistic abilities. That would depend upon the purpose for which the tests are to be employed. If they are to be used to classify children for the kind of booklearning which our school systems emphasize, then tests which favor children of the more verbal type will tend best to select successful pupils from the others. It may be that the verbal type is best suited for the executive posts in a civilization like ours where paper work is of such transcendent importance. Then the Binet tests, with their strong bias in favor of this type, have a higher diagnostic value than if they selected for manual or aesthetic ability.

Provided we can remember that the tests are biased in favor of those capacities which are developed by cultural opportunities at home and by better schools, we are in no danger of blundering into the kind of generalization which has made the tests, as employed by McDougall and Stoddard, so notorious. Mr. Burt's investigation helps

* Mental and Scholastic Tests. (London: P. S. King.) cf. issue of last week for description of this admirable study.

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us enormously here by showing that at least half the total result of the intelligence test is determined by the child's cultural opportunities.†

While better opportunities certainly account for the relatively better showing of well-to-do children in the linguistic tests, we do not know whether they also account for the absolute superiority of well-to-do children on practically all the types of tests included in the Binet scale. In Mr. Burt's data, the superiority of favored children in the tests for which the poorer child's environment provides a background of training is not great. It is, nevertheless, as he says, "unobscure and unequivocal."

Are we to conclude, then, that if the bias of the tests in favor of linguistic attainments were diminished, it would follow that the remaining absolute differences between rich and poor children were congenital? Hardly. It is not necessary to come to any conclusion on the basis of what we now know. We can afford to wait, conceding, as Mr. Burt says (p. 198), "a large allowance to the poorer child before we permit ourselves to accept his mean performance as the sign and seal of mental defect. And although, with its strict justice tempered thus by merciful concessions, we may provisionally rely upon the Binet-Simon scale, we should yet spare no effort to construct a scheme that shall be immune to environment agencies, and no longer prejudiced by the lack of a prosperous history or the want of a cultured home."

How far according to Mr. Burt we may *provisionally* rely upon the Binet-Simon scale must, for lack of space here, be reserved until a subsequent issue. WALTER LIPPMANN.

† Discussed in last week's issue.

In Envy of Cows

The cow swings her head in a deep drowsy half-circle to and over
Flank and shoulder, lunging
At flies; then fragrantly plunging
Down at the web-washed grass and the golden clover,
Wrenching sideways to get the full tingle; with one warm nudge,
One somnolent wide smudge
Sacred to kine,
Crushing a murmurous afternoon of late lush August to wine!

The sky is even water-tone behind suave poplar trees—
Color of glass; the cows
Occasionally arouse
That color, disturb the pellucid cool poplar frieze
With beauty of motion slow and succinct like some grave privilege
Fulfilled. They taste the edge
Of August, they need
No more: they have rose vapors, flushed silence, pulpy milkweed.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Norman Thomas on Workers' Education

SIR: Unfortunately your thoughtful editorial on the object of Workers' Education does not show full familiarity with the facts of the recent controversy between Mr. Gompers, self-appointed champion of the Workers' Education Bureau, and the American Fund for Public Service. It was never the desire of the trustees to have their refusal to give $10,000 to the Bureau given publicity or interpreted as a criticism of that organization. The good features of the work of the Bureau are known to many of the trustees. Some of us are associate members of it. We are sympathetic with labor leaders like President Maurer, Miss Cohn and others to whom the A. F. of L. owes its impetus in the path of workers' education.

Nevertheless, we felt that the request for $10,000 was not one to be granted. Our reasons were these:

(1) The Bureau has been taken over by the A. F. of L. With such powerful backing as this the support of the American Fund became relatively unnecessary. (2) During the time that we were considering the application, the executive secretary of the Workers' Education Bureau, Mr. Spencer Miller, Jr., issued a statement of its purposes, published in the New York Times, March 6, 1923, which in our judgment seemed to define the Bureau as a movement merely in behalf of adult education without a definite and adequate object. (3) The Bureau showed a disposition to exclude workers' colleges not directly controlled by A. F. of L. unions.

All this may have been politically necessary; it did not bring the Bureau within the scope of organizations we seek to aid. In defining such institutions we found the official object of the Belgian workers' educational movement descriptive. "To instil into the workers the knowledge and the qualities which will fit them for carrying on the struggle for the emancipation of their class in every sphere."

On the basis of this statement incorporated by Mr. Baldwin in a letter to Mr. Miller, we were attacked in the manner that you have characterized as "silly and contemptible." You failed, however, to recognize the most unfortunate feature of Mr. Gompers's attack; namely, his direct allegation that the Workers' Education Bureau did not apply because it wanted money but to "test" us. Individual members of the Executive Committee of the Bureau have denied this slander on their good faith to some of us and I think to Mr. Gompers, but they have said nothing publicly to correct the charge that the Bureau played the part of spy.

This record, however it may be justified by political expediency, hardly describes that serene and lofty discipline of the spirit which the New Republic has extolled as the ideal of education. Indeed if I follow your logic you say: "Mr. Gompers is wrong in wanting his type of working-class education; the American Fund is wrong in opposing his type of class education." What would you have had us do?

In order to convict us of advocating a type of education you dislike you unconsciously substitute in your argument the words, "class assertion" for our phrase, "class emancipation." We want freedom, which means the emancipation of the workers and end of class divisions; not the permanent "aggrandizement of class interest and power." Is not education a legitimate instrument in such emancipation?

Education as a social process is bound up with social action. Education either lifts the workers out of their class or enables them to be more effective in their class for its emancipation. Mr. Arthur Gleason put this matter well when he wrote in your pages:

"Workers' education is not a course on things in general. *It presupposes that labor is gaining power* rather rapidly, that something like a crisis will be reached within two generations. It is the humanly imperfect effort to meet that situation of responsibility."

I have recently come from a coal mining district in which the strike was lost. The mines are run by non-union labor. The towns are owned body and soul by the coal operators. Some 600 refugees of this industrial warfare still live in miserable camps on barren hillsides. Workers in that district need education. They need to live in the "shadow of truth"—I should prefer truth to its shadow—but to say that truth is independ-

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ent of class conflict is to make truth an empty thing. Education for those workers means a training in the better selection of their own leaders, a fuller education of themselves and their leaders for the difficult tasks on hand. It means thought on the fundamental question whether coal belongs by right to absentee owners or to society.

Now, the trustees of the American Fund for Public Service have not suggested that to deal with this situation it is necessary to be dogmatic or pledged to some one of the various "isms" which compete for the loyalty of men. They would differ among themselves on important points of tactics. They argue that workers' education ought to have an object it can express. The difficulty as we conceive it between education and propaganda is not that the educationalist has no opinion, no program to impart, but that he is careful to impart it on the basis of fact and to ask the cooperation of those whom he teaches in testing the facts and in working out a theory.

The whole question of the relation of education to propaganda is an old one. All of us want to distinguish between them. But we also want to avoid another error which may be illustrated by an event which happened at an English conference some years ago. An American woman hung in reverence upon every word that fell from the lips of G. B. Shaw. At the conclusion of the conference in a sketch taking off the events of the conference, she was represented as saying, "Oh! Mr. Shaw, how I love that man! He is the man that made me think." "Think, think what?" "Think? Oh, nothing in particular, only Wonderful, Beautiful, Eternal, Thought, Thought, Thought."

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York City.

The Indians' Ritual Dance

SIR: In a recent letter to all Indians, Mr. Burke, Indian Commissioner, asked them to agree with their superintendents to hold no gatherings during the spring and summer months and at other times for only a short period with no dancing that the superintendent does not approve. If the request is not obeyed, some other course will be taken to enforce it.

It seems a very reasonable request unless one knows what a dance means in this Pueblo Indian country. To an Indian a dance is a ceremony, a prayer, a part of his intricate religion. It is not for his amusement or that of the whites—many dances are never seen by any save Indians—but is a prayer for rain, for crops, for food. Entering a Pueblo to find a dance in progress in the plaza, one immediately recognizes that it is not amusement but worship.

White farmers are not forbidden to attend church services on Sunday during these months. The need, on one day of the week, of at least a change of occupation, if not of worship, is recognized. Should it be denied the Indian? Because to him planting and harvesting are so closely connected with his religion, to discontinue these dances, which are prayers for the success of the crops, would have the worst possible effect. We as a nation, and not alone the Southwest, cannot afford to lose what remains of an ancient civilization. Neither, in my opinion, can we afford to break a treaty and the order is clearly in violation of the religious liberty guarantees of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

EDITH M. WARNER.

Buckman, New Mexico.

Why the Great Interest in the Keenan Mystery?

SIR: Your interesting analysis of newspaper space devoted to the Keenan story renews in my own mind a question which used to bother me constantly several years ago while I was writing such stories as this for a Hearst paper in Chicago.

I believe that the raison d'être for such displays lies in what may be a perversion of a fundamentally wholesome impulse in readers. It is the same impulse which has made the movies phenomenally successful—the love of a story about people and the desire to live vicariously lives of high passion and excitement. This desire, of course, is accentuated by the thoroughly humdrum existence which most of us lead.

The significant fact in the matter is that the interest in these stories (and the interest is genuine enough) is further proof of an old assertion that individual people, people who are nearly enough like ourselves to be understood easily, are more interesting by far than things are or than suffering masses of people. The Ruhr situation becomes so vast a thing that discussion of it is turned into a general economic and sociological discussion. A newspaper story of it lacks the personal details which make it possible for the rider to and from work to live, in the life of another, huge emotional experiences which circumstances or his own lack of nerve, or perhaps his own wisdom, have made it impossible for him to live in reality.

It seems to me that the impulse is a healthy one gone somewhat wrong through misuse. It is of the same fundamental stuff as is aspiration, I believe, for behind all desire for greater things lies a compelling desire for a greater emotional life of one sort or another, and I believe the world's interest in Dorothy Keenan is prompted purely by the world's desire to slough off the deadly routine of uninteresting work and put in its stead an emotional stimulus which may give birth to creative thought and action.

ROBERT O. BALLOU.

Chicago.

For Better Economic Research

SIR: I should like to bring before your readers a situation in the United States bearing on economic research, which, I believe, merits the widespread attention of those interested in industrial economic problems. Economic research has for the most part come under the control of subsidized interests, which is to say that some individual or special group has endowed the work and has then set about to hire economists to study this or that specialized problem. All of which is very well and has its place, but the broader problems of economics have only been touched upon by such activities and the building up of a scientific body of economic fact has been but little advanced. Furthermore, there is plenty of evidence that here and there reports and findings have been made public as representing an unbiased scientific research, when as a matter of fact the choosing of the subject, the guidance of the "research," and the selection and omission of material at the end have been almost wholly dominated by the policies and preconceived interests of those paying for the work.

There is unquestionably a need for a thorough-going scientific study of economic problems on a large enough scale to warrant the hope that a real scientific body of facts will eventually be built up. Outworn economic dogmas and shibboleths are being cast aside, as was done long since in chemistry and more recently in biology, and isolated instances of a right start are indicated in the field of economics, but a broad enough foundation has yet to be provided before economics is out of the wilderness of philosophic theorizing on the one hand and the inconclusiveness of subsidized reports on the other. This broad foundation must be provided by economists themselves, who are the only ones in this particular field who by training and preference can be relied upon to advance the true interests of economic science.

Fortunately there is an illustration at hand of how this can and should be done. In 1921 there was organized the Psychological Corporation which is doing for scientific psychological research what I hope some day soon an Economics Corporation will do for scientific economic research. The control of the Psychological Corporation is in the hands of the psychologists of the country, the most eminent of them being on the Board of Directors. Its objects are the advancement of psychological science and its earnings must be devoted to scientific research. It is not a charitable nor an endowed institution but was initially financed by the psychologists themselves and will earn by its services the money that it uses for psychological organization and research.

I should like, if I may, to invite your readers to discuss the merits of an Economics Corporation, organized along the lines of the Psychological Corporation, as the proper basis for carrying on nation-wide (and we may eventually hope world-wide) scientific economic research.

JOSEPH MAYER.

New York City.

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The Exclusion of Madame Kalinin

SIR: For the first time in the few years that I have been reading the New Republic I find reason to disagree, and to disagree most emphatically, with your editorial statements. I refer to your attitude in regard to the exclusion of Madame Kalinin from this country because of the connection of her husband with the trial and condemnation of Vicar-General Butchkavitch. What right have you to make such a statement as "they (the Soviet leaders) should have spared no pains to make their case absolutely clear to all mankind. And, if they have no such respect, nobody who has any connection with them has any business outside of Russia."

It was not necessary for Russia, facing a world that insists on being hostile to it, to explain its internal policies. Whatever its explanation or charge in the Butchkavitch affair had been, it would have been falsified, exaggerated, misconstrued by the press of the outside world. The Soviets have had this experience in other cases. But granted that the United States had a right to know the exact circumstances of the conviction; did she not have the same right to know more concerning the English executions in Ireland and India, in both of which cases there were religious motives? Did the United States therefore exclude English dignitaries from this country? Why this sudden assumption of righteous indignation, especially where the evidence was so doubtful?

Madame Kalinin's mission was purely humanitarian, and the Hughes action puts America in at least as unfavorable a position as the Soviet leaders put Russia. PHILIP S. RESNIKOV.

Philadelphia.

SIR: As a constant and almost devoted reader of the New Republic, I am overwhelmingly shocked at your editorial on the action of Secretary Hughes in refusing permission (already granted because she was coming for relief, not political purposes) to Madame Kalinin to enter this country.

Madame Kalinin was first granted permission because she came as an individual on an errand of mercy. Her status remained the same, regardless of the acts of the government under which she lives. To impute to her any other motives is to reflect seriously on the intentions of those who sponsored her visit, among whom is an editor of the New Republic, I believe.

What connection the starving orphans of Russia have with the execution of Mgr. Butchkavitch, your editorial did not make clear. It has not been clear until Secretary Hughes drew a connection when he forbade the mission of Madame Kalinin which was to have saved the lives of thousands of children. That the New Republic is also eager to make this connection and to condemn —or wish to see condemned—thousands of children as an expression of the Christian indignation of the American people depresses me quite as much as it shocks me.

Even though the act of the Moscow government were one of religious persecution—and a careful reading of dispatches would seem to point very much to the contrary—it seems scarcely an act of Christian forgiveness on our part to say that these children shall pay the penalty. MARY LENA WILSON.

Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

SIR: As one who had come to feel that the New Republic stood for a particularly sane and humane attitude on the question on our relations with Russia, I cannot but register my opinion that you have been sadly amiss in your approval of the American government's exclusion of Madame Kalinin from this country.

The matter has nothing whatsoever to do with the alleged religious persecution going on in Russia and culminating in the execution of an official of the Catholic Church. Granted the calumny of that execution, which, incidently, four well-known liberal clergymen of this city recently declared to be in no way a result of religious persecution, how in the name of reason does that justify us from excluding a woman whose sole crime is that she happens to be the wife of an official of the offending government! How in the name of the starving children whose pleas we have refused to hear can we justify our action! Had we desired to rebuke the Russian government, surely we could find a more humane way than by penalizing her little ones.

It is not surprising to find the press generally upholding the exclusion of Madame Kalinin. But if a journal of the intelligence of the New Republic is going to succumb to the moral cant and hypocrisy of our State Department then advocates of sanity in our national affairs may despair indeed.

HENRY MILLER.

New York City.

SIR: When the New Republic, in its editorial commending the action of Secretary Hughes in cancelling the visa of Madame Kalinin, said it considered this action "inevitable and proper," just what did it mean?

I understand that the New Republic deplored religious persecution—though the editorial did not make it clear that the execution of Mgr. Butchkavitch *was* an act of religious persecution. I understand a little less clearly, the reference to Nero's persecution of the early Christians, though I would suppose that the primitive and rather literal Christianity taught by those early Christians was a little more like that which is persecuted under the name of heresy here in this country than that which used itself as a means of spreading counter-revolutionary propaganda in Russia. But I do not at all understand what all this has to do with the saving from suffering and death of little Russian babies.

Madame Kalinin's mission was plainly and exclusively one of mercy—to raise funds for these children. At least so the State Department regarded it when it granted her a visa. I take it the New Republic was not one of those who thought this the subtle means by which the Soviet government was to overthrow the American government through the aid of such Americans as Miss Julia Lathrop, President Mary E. Woolley, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell and others who sponsored her coming.

Since this was the object of Madame Kalinin's visit how was it "inevitable" or "proper" that a Christian government—or any government—should deny her entrance so that the funds already expended on her visit and those which would doubtless have been forthcoming should be lost and the children dependent on them be left to perish? VIRGINIA WOLCOTT.

New York City.

SIR: It is very depressing that a journal like the New Republic should take the view of Secretary Hughes's action in excluding Ekaterina Kalinin from the United States that is expressed in your issue of April 25th. What was involved in Kalinina's coming to the United States was the saving of thousands of orphan children from death—work difficult enough at best in these days when what Mr. Norman Hapgood terms "fool propaganda" against Russia seems to be accepted at its face value, even by the New Republic.

But what was involved in the trial of Vicar General Butchkavitch was a very different matter, with which neither Kalinina nor her mission had any connection. That the execution of Mgr. Butchkavitch can be taken as evidence of a "war on religion" in Russia today, no one who heard Capt. Paxton Hibben, at the Ethical Culture Society Forum on April 15th, read the text of the Soviet laws on religion could for a moment believe. Moreover, Mr. Duranty's dispatch to the Times of March 24th and the Chicago Tribune's dispatch of March 23rd, made it clear to any one that the Catholic priests were not being tried on religious grounds. Archbishop Zepliak's admission that, during the Russo-Polish war, he had been in constant, secret communication with the Polish government, from Petrograd, and the evidence brought out that the priests being tried had refused to accept the law of the land where they lived, have only to be translated into terms of our own war days in order to understand the verdict.

There is one element in this situation which the New Republic ignores. I was a baby when I left Russia, but all my childhood was darkened by the shadow of the massacres of Bialastok and Kishinev. The present Russian government has, at least, ended these horrors. Perfection may scarcely be attained in a few years' time; even in the United States, after a century and a half of freedom, prisoners are beaten to death in Florida; twenty-eight persons were publicly burned by American mobs in four years; and an average of one hundred persons per year have been lynched, during the past thirty-two years.

With these facts in mind, would not the New Republic be consistent in advising Americans to stay at home?

ANNA ROSENTHAL.

Brooklyn.

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Nine in a Taxi

THE Young Lady—Well, I must say I enjoyed that.* Driver, go up Fifth Avenue.

The Broker—It was colorful.

Mr. MacMoron—How destructive Shaw is of shams. How he hates pretense and bigotry.

The Stranger—How incurably romantic he is.

The Lady who once met GBS at a dinner party—I wish Mr. Shaw could have seen it tonight. He'd have liked it.

The Gossip—I hear he's writing a new play.

The Critic—This is a queer insulated thing, this Devil's Disciple. Very near to us, about something well known and in our recent past, yet how little is it historical. You don't feel that Saratoga is just around the corner. The play is as much of a desert Island as a musical comedy. Now in Androcles what vistas there were leading into the great dark world. A play of starting points. While this is a play of arrivals.

The Stranger—As soon as you begin to make characters who are all villains or heroes, you cut yourself off from the world. I'm sure this is a favorite of Shaw's. All villains and heroes. He'd much rather, at bottom, simplify the world than see it as the complicated thing it is.

Mr. MacMoron—But has any one ever pointed out the sheer brilliance of Shaw?

The Lady Who Once, etc—I told Mr. Shaw he was the cleverest man I'd ever read.

The Young Lady—The Court Martial Scene was a scream.

The Gossip—I hear Morris Gest is going to write a book about the theatre and dedicate it to Max Reinhardt.

The Critic—The point is, how does this play correspond with reality? What is the reality Shaw has in mind?

The Stranger—At bottom, the reality of the Lump in the Throat. One hundred percent sacrifice moves Shaw unspeakably. And he translates this wholehearted unquestioning bravery, this finest flower of the human spirit, into something that moves us too, unspeakably. I mean we have no words for it. Where Dick Dudgeon lets the soldiers take him away. . . .

The Young Lady—Oh, that gave me *such* a feeling! How splendid of him!

The Broker—It was a fine thing to do.

The Lady Who Once, etc.—I'm sure Mr. Shaw has sacrificed a great deal himself. Those eyes of his. . . .

Mr. MacMoron—Whenever I see or hear of sacrifice, I have a lump in my throat. Now, for instance—I have a sister who is a trained nurse. . . .

The Critic—In other words, this is high romance. Romance besieged, cut off, isolated. Melodromance. And it ought to be played as such, with terrific speed, cruelty, hardness, lightheartedness, and cynicism. . . .

The Young Lady—Do you think Shaw is cynical?

The Actor—I agree with you. The performance was made up of little pieces and kept stopping all the time. Now the first act—Wasn't it slow?

The Critic—That was the fault of the direction. Speaking of directors, did you read what Kenneth Macgowan. . . .

The Gossip—I hear Kenneth is writing a new book. It's to be called the Theatre of the Spring of 1926.

The Critic—Leaving the direction aside, we can say of this as we can of nearly all Theatre Guild productions, that it was a fine thing to the eye. . . .

The Musician—And terrible to the ear. Just try blindfolding yourself and sitting through the Devil's Disciple. It's mostly eye.

The Broker—It was colorful.

The Lady Who, etc.—Mr. Shaw has a red beard.

The Artist—Pleasant, yes. Bully costumes. The sets finely composed as to color. I liked the blue and white severity of the Waiting Room scene particularly. But on the stage objects of three dimensions have a way of sticking out and spoiling by unexpected lines a fine composition of color. Take the first act. Too many objects. Though finely related to the whole in color, how they jut out. And the last act was miscellaneous.

The Actor—What a poor mob at the gate. Not angry, but maudlin; not Yankee rebels, but half-wits.

Mr. MacMoron—The Yankee rebel forefathers were highly intelligent.

The Young Lady—Wasn't Basil Sydney splendid! He's one of the handsomest men!

The Actor—And one of the worst actors.

The Gossip—They say he's going to play Hamlet.

The Young Lady—I could fall in love with him.

The Lady Who—Mr. Shaw has such eyes! If he wanted to I know he could be a heartbreaker. . . .

The Actor—Basil Sydney's a sponge squeezer. He'll squeeze a line until it's dry of meaning, and then some. Give him twenty words and he'll use twenty face muscles and four kinds of breathing, and he'll slant up his eyebrows meaningfully, and pretend to chew gum, and shuffle his mouth and lips and redeal them. . . .

The Broker—He ought to be made to play poker and have not to change his face for seven hours.

The Critic—He has a kind of condescendingly soothing insistence that soon becomes unbearable.

The Musician—All the tones of his voice seem in the same key of self-satisfied assurance.

The Young Lady—I'd marry him tomorrow.

The Stranger—That's the praise he, or any one else, would most like to hear.

The Critic—To continue. Miss Lotus Robb. . . .

The Young Lady—She's a dear.

The Gossip—I hear she's going to play Juliet.

The Actor—Judith Anderson is a hard part. There she is planted in the court martial scene, which is pure joyous verbal duelling and slap-stick, and all the time she is an intensely tragic figure.

The Artist—Perhaps she ought to sit with her back to the audience.

The Stranger—A very fine bit she does when Anderson finds her fainted on the floor.

The Critic—A strain of poignant life, like music.

The Actor—That change from half-conscious puzzlement to terror and remembrance is not easy, and admirably done. One of the best bits of acting in the whole play.

The Stranger—The change to a new mood is good, but the reality of the new mood is not maintained.

The Young Lady—Don't you people ever like *anything?*

The Actor—We all find Mr. Moffat Johnston good.

The Gossip—I hear he is going to play Hamlet.

The Critic—He is warm, natural, sympathetic.

The Stranger—He's too much the same in every play.

The Young Lady—I felt so sorry for Anderson's poor wife. Imagine—a man so *much* older!

The Gossip—Which is older, Gest or Reinhardt? Rein-

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* *The Devil's Disciple. A melodrama by George Bernard Shaw. Presented by the Theatre Guild. Directed by Philip Moeller. Settings by Lee Simonson. At the Garrick Theatre, April 23rd.*

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hardt is writing a book on the American Theatre. It will be dedicated to Morris Gest. He has been to see Kiki.

The Lady Who Once, etc.—I am sure Roland Young was not Mr. Shaw's idea of General Burgoyne.

The Young Lady—Oh, do you think so? I thought he was so funny and dry; so *amusing*.

The Gossip—I hear he's going to play Hamlet.

The Young Lady—You're thinking of Rollo's Wild Oat.

The Actor—Rollo, Anything Might Happen, General Burgoyne. The same delightful Roland Young, but the *same*. Now, his voice is more monotonous than Sydney's, but he knows just how to use it. Not a wide range, but within his special talent an admirable economy of sound, emphasis, gesture. He squeezed every drop of humor out of the juicy lines, but, unlike Sydney, he didn't seem to be squeezing.

The Critic—He is secure, but inelastic. His art, if not transcendent, is at his command.

The Stranger—Anybody who didn't score high with those lines ought to be shot. Of course he seems good.

Mr. MacMoron—Shaw is well known for his biting humor.

The Gossip—I hear that Reinhardt is going to have the Hippodrome. Or maybe Madison Square Garden.

The Stranger—Of course Roland Young's conception of General Burgoyne was all wrong. Or rather the century he put it in was all wrong. Young is too modern. Burgoyne was, with all his flippancy, much more impressive. He was acid rather than salty, and subdued his officers by the hint of a cold savagery held in reserve. And his eyes, says Shaw "were large, brilliant, apprehensive. . . ."

The Lady Who, etc.—I'm sure that's the way Mr. Shaw thought of him.

The Stranger—And we can't give Roland Young new eyes. Nor fifty pounds more weight. Nor a post-port-wine richness and fastidiousness of bearing.

The Gossip—I hear that Reinhardt has leased Croton Reservoir for the gondola scene from the Merchant of Venice.

The Broker—It's a fine location.

The Critic—There's something that worries me about Miss Beverly Sitgreaves as Mrs. Dudgeon. A fine command, but a too heavy insistence.

The Actor—She impresses one, and that's good; but she often impresses one when she should not be making any impression at all.

The Critic—She tends toward the imperialistic. She is a competent enough actress to get more of your attention than her lines deserve.

The Young Lady—You are *so* critical! But I like to hear you talk. It must be fine to have a means of self-expression.

The Lady Who—I wish Mr. Shaw could be here now.

The Critic—As for the others, the smaller parts. . . .

The Actor—Now there's one thing I like about you. I don't as a rule understand what you're talking about, but you do notice the smaller parts.

The Critic—Miss Bryan Allen as Essie was disarming and authentic. Mr. Hamer as Christie did well with his body, and badly with his voice. The Dudgeon uncles (Messrs. Russell and Cecil) were heavy exaggerations where salty caricatures were wanted. Mr. Cecil later reappeared as the Sergeant, in which part he was unrecognizable, and adequate.

The Actor—I see what you're driving at.

The Stranger—I don't. You have fallen into jargon. It's nearly, but not quite, comprehensible. Still, I couldn't do any better. Some sort of verbal shorthand is necessary. All honor to the players of small parts. May they never be spoilt by becoming stars.

The Young Lady—An actor's life must be awfully interesting.

The Broker—They never get any exercise.

The Gossip—I hear Max Reinhardt is going to do a dramatization of the Telephone Directory.

The Musician—None of you people see that the whole thing's all wrong. If a symphony were played as badly as most plays—and this one—are acted, it would be hissed off the stage. This is all separate, unrelated notes. It needs a conductor. The tempo is the same, rigid, pedestrian same, throughout. Even were the acting left, in detail, as we saw it tonight, a lot could be done by having an intelligent person with a baton down in front speeding things up here, slowing them down there. But as it is now it's in the darknesses of the pre-rehearsal era.

The Actor—Yes, it's true we actors seldom get out of the rehearsal stage. It's not entirely our fault. It's financial.

The Gossip—I hear the Theatre Guild Bond drive was oversubscribed: $542,800. The next step, I hear, is to call in the Otis Elevator Company and devise machinery that will rock the stage back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, so that the audience will think it's at sea.

The Young Lady—That would be *much* too realistic!

The Lady Who, etc.—Mr. Shaw told me he had crossed the Channel 184 times.

The Critic—Realism. That's the blight of the stage. We have much to learn from life, it is true, but more, at the present time, to learn from the experiments of the expressionists—or the essentialists. Now we want to get away from peep-hole realism, and bore through to the essentials, to the inner truth. . . .

The Stranger—Northern and Southern Dakota, upper and lower berth, inner and outer truth. Renascence, Quintessence, Truthessence, Senescence. Break the shell, boys. Bury all the old words, and the new ones under them.

The Young Lady—Mr. Critic, if I were an actress, what would you say about *me?*

Dr. Frank Crane (suddenly, from under the seat)—I take my hat off to Actor Sydney and Author Shaw.

All (shouting)—Say! This taxi holds only nine. (They throw him out.)

The Broker—He's an optimist.

The Critic—Shaw, to continue, is not really true to any reality except his own, nor does he choose the just, the inevitable mold, the unimprovable-upon vehicle. . . .

The Young Lady—But it's good fun.

The Stranger—And it makes you think, here and there.

The Critic— . . . for his inner, his sub-selfian, sub-Shavian mood. He does not articulate; he connects, irrefragibly, sense with sound. . . . What we want is beauty revealed, perceived, translated. What we want are not representational actors, but non-representational actors. The Theatre needs non-proportional representationalism. . . . It must find, behind the outer rind, the inner mind. . . .

Everybody else—Driver! *Stop!* Here's where I get off!

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Books and Things

ON page thirteen of her Joseph Conrad, His Romantic Realism (Boston: The Four Seas Company. $2.50 net) Miss Ruth M. Stauffer gave me a bad scare. She asked two questions: "What is Romanticism? What is Realism?" I almost dropped her book, reached for my hat, started for the Peaks and the Great Waste Places. I was just man enough to sit tight, though, and I am glad of it, for Miss Stauffer doesn't answer her questions. "It would be wearisome," she says, "even to enumerate the books and articles that have been written in all languages to define these two terms." Not without thankfulness, with a sense of new perils passed, I read on: "A full examination of every one of these is out of place here." I turned to the *errata,* naturally expecting to find that "here" was a misprint for "here, there, everywhere, yesterday, today and forever," but did not find what I sought.

These things I mention because by doing so I can take a short cut to my opinion of Miss Stauffer's book. True, she does keep repeating Realism, Romance, Romanticist, Realist, but she also knows that these words have been worn pebble-smooth, concept-smooth. True, she cannot restore them to that lost paradise where Adam used them first, but neither does she attempt to define them. For Miss Stauffer, as for almost all their employers, they are, I admit, conveniences which are too easy, too dead easy, yet on her lips they are names not for non-existent things, but for two kinds of joy that Mr. Conrad's books have given her. These joys are deep and her own. Realism is what she says whenever her wonder is chiefly at the exactness of Mr. Conrad's truth to his impression; just as, whenever this wonder is lost in the other, which is all uneasiness and foreboding and excruciating hope, all tempest and shaken citadels, she says Romance. Useless to refuse her this vocabulary if you can't deprive her at the same time of her will to classify.

The will to classify! That must have been what Arthur Hugh Clough had in mind when he deplored the "ruinous force of the will." Even at this moment, when my resistance is not at its weakest, this will is urging me to make Mr. Conrad's arrival in the United States a pretext for one more attempt to classify him. The undertaking looks so much easier than it is. All one has to do is to begin anywhere, say with

> In every work regard the writer's End,
> For none can compass more than they intend,

and next, after conceding that nowadays hardly anybody agrees with Pope, to ask whether his couplet doesn't in fact help us to divide great writers into those who cannot compass more than they intend, like Heredia, and those who cannot for the life of them help compassing a lot more, like Blake. Such a classification looks pretty good for just so long as it enables us to forget what we were talking about, the case of Mr. Conrad, who obviously won't go into either class. He is the inventor of a difficult method, which he could not have invented without much hard conscious thinking and planning, which he sticks to throughout some of his novels rather fanatically, and by dint of this method he moves and haunts us as no other great man can who seems to have such infrequent access to his unconscious mind.

If one thought about the metre while writing a poem, Goethe said to Eckermann, one would go crazy. Der Takt kommt aus der poetischen Stimmung, wie unbewusst. A novelist would be as likely to go crazy if he thought about making realism or romance. I am speaking of artists, of course, not of manufacturers. A critic cannot very well help talking about metre, but of romance and realism he can stop talking, if he tries hard and prays hard. A new point of view might be the reward of such abstinence, and a closer acquaintance with one's subject. "A search for buried gold," thus does Miss Stauffer describe Mr. Conrad's raw material, "the explosion of a bomb, the plotting of anarchists and spies, a revolution in Costa Rica and another in Spain, shipwrecks and pirates, cannibalism and savagery, murder, love, beauty, fate, self-seeking, and heroism. Yet such events as these, which lie at the heart of all Romance, become in the hands of Conrad not in the least mere exciting adventures in the circumstantial objective sense, but adventures far more tense and intricate, adventures of the spirit." How near that passage brings us to Mr. Conrad! And how close-fitting Miss Stauffer's two adjectives are, her "tense and intricate"! I should like her book better it she had never mentioned Romance except as here, incidentally, and had not mentioned Realism at all.

Very good, too, is Miss Stauffer's assertion that "not even the slightest detail of all the crowded impressions of those twenty-five years at sea escaped Conrad's observation." Grossly untrue of such a being as man, with no more than man's power of attending to each of those innumerable specious presents which are now his past, this is the right sort of exaggeration, the sound useful sort. It is an accurate account of one of the illusions with which Mr. Conrad has enriched and liberated his contemporaries, while posterity is waiting its turn. What Miss Stauffer says reminds us that Mr. Conrad has lived more nearly as the Greek poets lived than any other professional writer of his age. He would have been in his element, the sea, at Salamis. He could contrast for us, if he were less unwilling to talk of himself, the artist's life and the man of action's. We should like to know whether the antique writers he has always valued have the same faces at his desk as at sea, and the same names, justice, austerity, renunciation, courage.

Now that Mr. Conrad is in this country, and for the first time, some of us have been trying to pick out the men whose opinion of us we should be as eager to learn. We are not to learn it, I believe, and I can't help being sorry. Would he say of us, as he once said of another creator's creatures, that our "fate is poignant, it is intensely interesting, and of not the slightest consequence"? The most we can hope for is that one of these days he may show us as much of ourselves as he has shown us of another subject he doesn't care to discuss. In Notes on Life and Letters he has given us, he says, "a thin array . . . of really innocent attitudes: Conrad literary, Conrad political, Conrad reminiscent, Conrad controversial." He has given us "a partial view of a piece of his back, a little dusty, ... a little bowed, and receding from the world not because of weariness or misanthropy but for other reasons that cannot be helped: because the leaves fall, the water flows, the clock ticks with that horrid pitiless solemnity which you must have observed in the ticking of the hall clock at home. For reasons like that." To suppose they mayn't get more than this glimpse makes me less envious of those luckier persons who are to be in the same room with Mr. Conrad. After all, one can try again to know him by his books, with their treasures of irony, and truth and spindrift, fortitude, mystery, and tropic gales. P. L.

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Autosuggesting the Customer

Autosuggestion and Salesmanship, by Frank Lincoln Scott. New York: American Library Service. $1.50.

IT was inevitable that someone should arise to hail the Nancy druggist as a pioneer in Salesmanship. What more natural than to take the principle of "selling" oneself good health, via the imagination, and apply it to the task of selling shoes and overcoats and cough-drops?

Mr. Frank Lincoln Scott, himself a salesman, believes that Coué has supplied an altogether new approach to the problems of the jobber. Many a salesman, for example, is troubled by a lack of confidence. "Anticipation of disaster robs some salesmen of so much of their 'go' that they face the hard customer with their best energy frittered away and the remainder is not quite enough to effect the sale."

The man who has something to sell is beset with all sorts of standard "fears." Mr. Scott lists a few of them: Fear of the Big Buyer, Fear of the Little Buyer, Fear of the Hard-Boiled Buyer, Fear of the Evasive Buyer, "Fear of the—well, we might list every type of buyer that exists today and find as reasonable a fear to list beside it." And the answer? "Let your Imagination dwell pleasantly on the experience. Picture an interested expectant listener. See yourself confident, courteous and thorough." Say to yourself, in Coué style, several times at night before going to sleep and in the morning when awakening: "This self-distrust is disappearing little by little and is steadily being replaced by self-confidence which will make it easier every day for me to meet and sell to new customers." As Merton says, in the silences of his own bed-chamber, "O God, make me a good movie actor!"

Get rid of fear, says Mr. Scott; then take what Coué says about Imagination conquering Will, and apply it to your prospective customer. Suggest agreeable mental images. "It is not so far a cry between successful mental therapeutics and scientific salesmanship as you might think." A Boston hat-store apparently owes much of its success to the fact that instead of telling its customers, "Here's a new model which is very stylish," it suggests "Quite a lot of Harvard men are wearing this one." A half dozen such ingenious practices appear in Mr. Scott's account. The least persuasive one, for me, is the case of a salesman of explosives who called on retailers with a new product that could not be set off by accidental concussion. This agent had a custom all his own. "He would take a piece of the new explosive. As he talked with the prospect he would show the sample and say, 'This new product of ours is even more powerful than dynamite. You use it in practically the same way. But—' Here he would lift the sample and throw it with all his might on the floor. . . ." And would the prospect, recovering from the first swift shock of finding himself alive, reach up on the shelves behind him, select a stick of ordinary dynamite and hurl it at the demonstrator, saying, "Well, here's one for you that *does* explode!"? No. The inference is he buys six dozen cases.

I do not know how well Mr. Scott's precepts of Imaginative Salesmanship work in practice. I suppose the number of prospective buyers swayed by information that Harvard is affecting this or that style bonnet is a large and fairly constant factor in the hat world. But of one thing I feel certain. In applying autosuggestion to the business of selling goods, Mr. Scott has incidentally revealed the credo of the modern salesman with extraordinary skill.

We live in an age when this salesman, through the advertising columns, dominates fully half the space in nine periodicals and newspapers in every ten we read. His patois rules the conversational efforts of a hundred thousand earnest Babbitts at their luncheons. Buyers are "prospects." Arguments are "selling ammunition." A refusal is "an alibi." "Success" is money. Gone is every emphasis on *buying;* how many miles away is the quaint notion of the world beating a path through the woods to the man who made a mouse-trap—if it was the best mouse-trap to be had?

Life is a race in "selling": selling everything—gloves, motor cars, ability, education, socks, skill, saxophones, and "personality." Around all this is wrapped a new and noble terminology. The salesman has become "a scientist"; selling, "a profession." The writer of advertising copy that can "pull" is one of God's ministering angels, putting in the hands of the right people the right products at right prices. All manner of notions evolve from the defence-mechanism of the successful salesman flinching before the fact that he is just a high-class huckster.

How far away from facts is most of this interpretation, showered on little gatherings of salesmen like the gentle rain from heaven, Mr. Scott's book unwittingly suggests. Salesmanship, as it is practised in the grand manner and blessed with all this adulation, is by no means the finely social service of putting into the outstretched hands of people what they want; it is definitely a business of making as many of them as possible believe they want something which they don't. Why else this insistence, so prominent in Mr. Scott's narrative and at every "advertisers' luncheon," upon the necessity of "breaking through the hard shell of the buyer," of "watching for a weakening," of "pushing the enemy's line"?—Enemy! In other words, "the prospect." One of the heroes in Mr. Scott's gallery is the dessert-manufacturer who couldn't sell a pudding because it was uninterestingly white. "A little harmless coloring was added." "Rose Vanilla" was stamped upon the label. Presto! the public ate it up.

Customers are boobs. The right bait will make them bite. And discovering that bait is a large part of the "science" in that modern salesmanship so vaunted to the skies. "An agent for one of the less-known automobiles," narrates Mr. Scott, "successfully uses suggestion by actually playing up the smallness of his company and its output. His car is, of course, well made and fairly priced. In talking with the motorist who is looking over the car for the first time, this dealer commonly enquires where the visitor lives. Often it is possible to say, 'If you buy one of these cars, *you'll be the only one on the block who owns one.*' . . . This appeals to the desire for exclusiveness (one form of the desire to be great) which is so common in many people. This dealer is always sold out months ahead as a result of his skill in making a suggestion which the prospective customer turns into the autosuggestion: 'Here is my chance to be exclusive.'"

"My chance to be exclusive."—Salesmanship, ferreting for its opening, will snatch at an appeal to snobbery. It will lick boots and scream shrilly and weep with the grief of a crocodile. It will profit from anything that promises a sale. Why shouldn't it?

But why should it be labelled "a profession"?

CHARLES MERZ.

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THE PROSECUTION OF THE KUZBAS COLONY COMMITTEE

at the instance of returned colonists is not the criminal case it purports to be. It is a political prosecution inspired by the hysterical prejudice against all efforts to aid the people of Russia. No such case would be brought upon similar charges of disgruntled colonists returning from any other country. They would be referred to the civil courts.

The political character of the case is evident in the fact that an agent of the Department of Justice and two members of the New York City Bomb Squad handled it, among others, although the technical charge brought by the Grand Jury was Grand Larceny! As nearly as we can find out, it is not claimed that any of the nine members of the Committee profited personally or that a dollar was misappropriated. The sole claim seems to be that Kuzbas took the money of colonists on misrepresentations as to conditions in the colony. We deny that claim and are prepared to prove in court our entire good faith.

According to the press, the prosecution has stated that Kuzbas is engaged in "Soviet propaganda." Kuzbas is not a propaganda enterprise in any sense. It is an industrial organization, non-political in character, enlisting American workers, engineers and machinery for the reconstruction of industry in two great centers of coal and steel production in Russia. The Kuzbas industries at Kemerovo, far from being disrupted are making real progress in production.

Over 500 people went to Kemerovo in the last year. The American workers have charge of the coal and chemical production in Kuzbas, and plans are being developed looking toward the control by American workers and engineers of the great steel plant in the Urals.

The Management was reorganized last fall and the American Organization Committee, whose former members are now indicted, has been abolished. It was replaced by a Managing Board of three, one of whom is now in America.

The prosecution appears to belittle the value of the Kuzbas concessions. In fact they are worth millions of dollars. The steel plant alone represents a pre-war investment of over $10,000,000 and had 16,000 employees. These properties were taken off the concession market to try out an experiment in American workers' control.

The colonists who quit because of dissatisfaction with conditions have not affected the conduct of the enterprise. Those who are on the job are endeavoring against great obstacles to reconstruct almost paralysed industries.

In connection with this prosecution of the former American Organization Committee undue prominence has been given in the press to the identification of Roger N. Baldwin with the committee, doubtless because of his national reputation as Director of the American Civil Liberties Union. Mr. Baldwin generously and without compensation acted on the committee as organization advisor because of his interest in the experiment. There appears to be evidence that reactionary influence, opposed to many of Mr. Baldwin's activities in behalf of civil liberties, sought to damage that work by connecting him with a criminal prosecution.

Most of the members of former committees are working men with working class connections. Kuzbas is an experiment in workers' control, as well as in the reconstruction of strategic Russian industries by American industrial skill.

In order to make known the facts of the enterprise and the nature of the charges against Kuzbas, we are inviting a committee of distinguished American liberals to examine its operations and to make a public statement.

Fortunately we have funds with which to carry on our legal defense and we do not need to appeal for outside help. We are represented by Arthur Garfield Hays and Thomas J. Blake of New York City. Those who are interested to follow the case in the courts and to familiarize themselves with the work of the organization are asked to fill out and send us the coupon below.

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Famine: Its Cause and Cure

The Restoration of Agriculture in the Famine Area of Russia: The Interim Report of the State Economic Planning Commission of the Council for Labour and Defence of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. London: The Labour Publishing Company. 5s.

TO repeat that Bolshevism did not cause the Russian famine seems futile; people are believing as they choose about the matter. Yet the facts are recent and obvious. Famine, this famine, caused the overthrow of the Tsar. The subsequent governments of Miliukoff and Kerensky tried to stop this famine and failed. The Bolshevik government has tried to stop it, but so far with no success. No end to the famine is yet in sight. Russia cannot farm without farm implements, cannot buy farm implements without exporting grain, and cannot export grain without adding to the numbers of those who die for lack of food.

This is the problem above all other problems now before the Russian government. Shall grain be used to feed the starving, or shall they be sacrificed that sometime starvation may end? The Bolshevik rulers have always been frank and have faced facts: they are not ignoring or disguising this famine or the price of ending it.

Famine now is not limited to Russia. In Europe generally, the undernourished are in the majority. Month by month, the death-rate in Vienna is about double the birth-rate. Our time is seeing Vienna crumble as all cities of the past have crumbled. Famine in Europe would be almost universal if some countries were not still in position to buy from the United States, Canada, Argentina and Australia. The outlook in these four remaining sources of food is exemplified in the United States, where a series of good seasons covers the consequences of a loss of 1,700,000 working farmers from 1910 to 1920 with the loss since 1920 apparently accelerating. This loss of farm population in the United States has been attributed to the substitution of machinery for men; but the farm implement business has certainly not been working overtime.

In the Interim Report of the State Economic Planning Commission, the Russian governme tries to state the facts about Russian agriculture ar o suggest ways by which famine might be ended. Th cument is not hopeful—"optimistic" as Rotarians wo say. Russia has the land and the labor and could pr ce food, but producing food is not profitable. That is e trouble with producing food the world over. Other services are now rewarded so much more highly than food production that they are attracting the money and the men. Concessions of Russian land for large scale farming might be had by any reliable capitalist; but capital has abundant chances of that nature in the United States and is not attracted to them. If large scale farming anywhere paid, New York money would be going into it.

Russia has small scale farming still. Dividing the large farms has not added enough to any small peasant farm to make of it anything but a small peasant farm. Everywhere, such farms are associated with poverty. They produce food for the farm family. Above that, what they produce is negligible. The surplus that supports cities does not come from the "little farm well tilled" and the "diversified agriculture" that city papers advocate. It comes from specialized large scale farming, from which the growth of the profit system has taken all inducement. Complaints by farmers are heard more or less graciously; but farm boys and girls are doing little complaining. They are migrating; they were the farm workers that the American census-takers of 1920 did not find.

The Russian government realizes that large scale farming could end famines in Russia, and the Interim Report give plans for such farming. The plans are as detailed as available resources in experts and equipment permit; the state lacks the most ordinary instruments of surveying, lacks even drawing paper. Nevertheless the report suggests that Russian land would produce a surplus of food under large scale farming. Russia cannot finance farming of that kind. The rest of the world will not, because that kind of farming has ceased to pay. That is why the landed gentry have vanished from the older parts of the world, even from England, and why the newer parts record a continuous and accelerating "city drift."

C. F. ANSLEY.

The Reign of the Evil One

The Reign of the Evil One, by G. F. Ramuz, with an introduction by Ernest Boyd. (The European Library.) New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.00.

IN his introduction to the present volume Mr. Ernest Boyd seems quite content to let it pass as a rural fantasia. His characterization is sound as far as it goes, but The Reign of the Evil One is unhappily many things more. The opening pages are those of a realistic novel; then satire is introduced, then mysticism, then naïve metaphysics, then fantasy, then absurdity and finally abstract irony.

As a result Ramuz must be admitted to be a writer of versatility, but one whose fondness for experiment in many methods achieves in this instance merely an acute literary muddle. This is unfortunate, for after twenty years, more may reasonably be expected from a novelist than the promise contained in an occasional effective phrase.

The story opens with fine rugged simplicity; a Swiss mountain village is presented with photographic distinctness, while its inhabitants take immediate and convincing form. A stranger is introduced who brings in his sinister vagabond's pack unheard-of troubles. Men mistreat their wives, the honest steal; sickness decimates the hamlet. A hundred minor human dramas end in tragedy. A prophetic villager who warns his fellows against the newcomer is roughly silenced by those he would save. When the populace is finally aroused the stranger protects himself with the blackest of magic and openly establishes a rule of evil. Those who join him exist only for nightly orgies that reach their height when a slut defiles an image of the Christ torn from the walls of the deserted church. Order and becoming calm is restored when a child seeking her missing father crosses herself before the Evil One. There is doubtless some deep significance in all of this; certainly anything can be read into it. The specific moral Ramuz alone may know; for anyone else the book is as unsatisfying, as unconvincing and as inharmonious as the music of a man who plays six instruments at once.

K. F.

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High Life and Low Life

More Authors and I, by C. Lewis Hind. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50.

The Glory of English Prose, by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

MR. LEWIS HIND is an English journalist, the author of twenty enumerated volumes, "etc., etc." These studies without wit, elegance or sense, were contributed weekly to the Christian Science Monitor.

"If, reader, you find some of your favorites omitted, please remember that there was a former book called Authors and I; one to sell the other. Here are fifty authors, arranged alphabetically, from Ade (George) to Zangwill (Israel)." They seem to have been collected at prodigiously open London teas; some he met, some he heard of. "I remember," he says, "remarking to my neighbor, I have an immense capacity for social chatter. The author of The Golden Bough has none." That is the system. "Mr. Noyes is a sane poet." "Bernhard Berenson is one of my favorite authors because I am immensely interested in art." His syntax is appalling: concerning Hueffer he writes, "That gave Fordie (thus his grandfather called him, and I maintain that he has not yet grown up) his chance." It is vulgar and sometimes painful.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge's book is a critical anthology in letters addressed to his grandson. The praise of England's heritage which he thunders at the poor little hypothetical boy is so general that he needn't have read the writers concerned, but he probably did. Alice's Queen is his forerunner; his old age is the kind called hale, which thickens rather than thins. He denounces our late enemies in heavy measures, and one can see the dark veins swell on his worn old forehead. Good writers, of course, are quoted; but the climax, as he sees it, is King George's speech in the French cemetery. He cherishes "all that was done, said, and written, very nobly by all concerned"; and the general effect is an echoed roaring of the imperial lion, now sick.

G. W.

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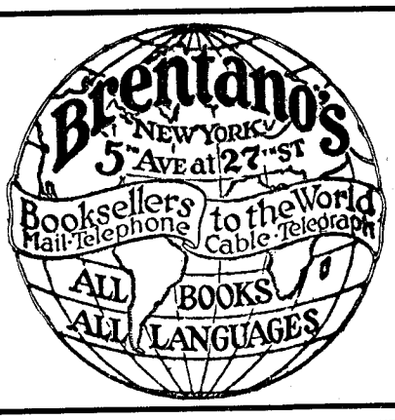

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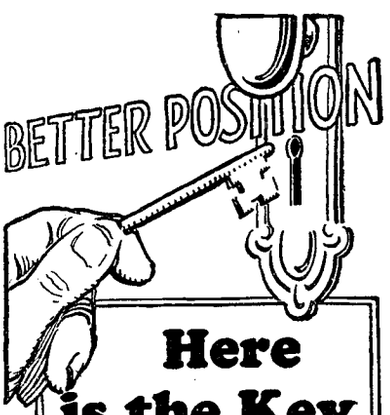

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